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POETRY.

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ÆNIGMATA.

I WANTED the sweep of the wild wet weather,
 The wind's long lash and the rain's free fall,
 The toss of the trees as they swayed together,
 The measureless grey that was over them
 all;
 Whose roar speaks more than a language
 spoken;
 Wordless and wonderful, cry on cry—
 The sob of an earth that is vexed and broken,
 The answering sob of a broken sky.

What could they tell us? We see them ever—
 The trees and the sky and the stretch of the
 land;
 But they give us a word of their secret never;
 They tell no story we understand.
 Yet haply the ghost-like birch out yonder
 Knows much in a placid and silent way;
 The rain might tell what the grey clouds ponder,
 The winds repeat what the violets say.

Why weeps the rain? Do you know its sorrow?
 Do you know why the wind is so sad—so
 sad?
 Have you stood in the rift 'twixt a day and a
 morrow,
 Seen their hands meet and their eyes grow
 glad?
 Is the tree's pride stung at its top's abase-
 ment?
 Is the white rose more of a saint than the
 red?
 What thinks the star as it sees through the
 casement
 A young girl lying, beautiful, dead?
 Speaker. BARRY PAIN.

A LAMENT.

I'M certain, in that hour of bliss
 That saw us in this very street,
 Cowslips came crowding round to kiss
 Her feet.

And surely as that cab forlorn
 Went rumbling off behind its hack
 I marked a nascent wing adorn
 His back.

And cabby, noting in a trice
 So unmistakable a pair,
 Forbore from asking more than twice
 His fare.

And here on simple cakes and tea
 We supped like demigods of old,
 From plates and cups that seemed to me
 Of gold.

Ah! Araminta, how you floored
 The buttered roll, the Sally Lunn!
 While, watching you, I half ignored
 My bun.

Brief rapture: Rhadamanthine watch,
 That points the fatal hour again,
 And shows we've scarcely time to catch
 The train.

Still branded on my aching sight
 I see that station's mighty span,
 That seemed to scorn a thing so slight
 As man;

Hard and unpitying as the glare
 Of noonday sun, that daily flouts
 A thousand breaking hearts or there-
 Abouts.

Now of those halcyon joys bereft,
 A solitary man I range,
 With memories and some coppers left
 In change

I've seen that cabman once, and he,
 Unlettered ruffian! only winked,
 And Pegasuses seem to be
 Extinct.

While as for cowslips, though I've stayed
 And searched that asphalt smooth as glass,
 I can't discern a single blade
 Of grass.

Under a universal ban
 All nature hangs a sulky head,
 As if she'd lately heard that Pan
 Was dead.

The sparrows in their native square
 That stepped so lustily of late
 Have lost their old commanding air
 And gait.

Even the Muses, whom I knew
 Familiarly in happier times,
 Now spare me grudgingly my few
 Poor rhymes.

O Araminta, quench this pain!
 'Twere better you had kept away,
 But since you *have* come, come again,
 And stay.
 Cornhill Magazine.

OF LONG AGO.

WITH rose and may the world was fair,
 And there was sunshine in the air
 When we went courting down the lane
 Where we shall never walk again,
 A happy, foolish, loving pair.

I talked of home we two would share,
 And you pretended not to care:
 Now hope and youth no longer reign
 With rose and may!

White roses where red roses were!
 Few are the flowers that Time will spare;
 But Time's the slave of Love: in vain
 Come age and tears and loss and pain,
 Since still Love crowns your snowy hair
 With rose and may!
 Leisure Hour. E. N.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE POPE AND HIS WRITINGS.

IF we would know the true inner nature of the present occupant of St. Peter's throne, Leo XIII., we should turn to his written utterances, and study the man as he reveals himself in his writings. Above all, this can be done in the poems which the pope indites. It is evident that he has recourse to writing them whenever anything rouses him or moves him deeply; hence they form the most intimate expression of his being. True, out of these verses there issue none of those universal harmonies which would lead us to seek a world within the confines of one single personality; nevertheless, they are so integral that we gather from them the just impression of a life that is in itself a unity, complete and entire, and which throughout all outer phases has never changed its inner and harmonious character. The history of the pope is that of a man who, thanks to his own character and endowments, has raised himself to the giddy height of papal power—a position in which he has distinguished himself by solid capacity rather than by brilliant qualities.

In Latin distichs this poet-pontiff has told the story of his life. The poem was written by him while Bishop of Perugia—a position he filled for thirty years, his hold on that diocese coinciding with the pontifical reign of his predecessor, Pius IX.

*Umbros en iterum fines, urbemque revisis,
Quam tibi divino flamine iungit amor.*

What an epoch that was! Rich in battle, in suffering, in victory, and in defeat—eventful and ever memorable for Italy. And just as Pecci's pastorals distinguished themselves from those of the other Umbrian prelates by the vigor of their thought and expression, so did the man himself range head and shoulders above these same bishops by the manner in which he conducted the struggle of the clerical party against the military might of young Italy, which was ever pressing onwards from Piedmont, and which demanded as its last triumph the abdication of the papal temporal power.

On the breezy heights of Perugia, Pecci could contemplate the genius of Christianity in all its various forms. As bishop he sat on the seat occupied in the great past by men around whose forehead history and legend have woven the wreaths of martyrs. He could see them before his mental vision, not only feeding their flocks with the humility of shepherds, but driving back barbarians with the strength of heroes. If he left his episcopal palace for the neighboring Cathedral of San Lorenzo, he could pray beside the ashes of three popes, one of whom had surpassed all his contemporaries in power and energy—namely, Innocent III., who deemed the world too small to hold the church, and who now sleeps his eternal sleep in one single little coffin in company with two pontiffs of minor fame. "Sic transit gloria mundi." If he visited the picture-gallery, he beheld works of art radiant with the mild beauty of religious fancy, bathing the soul in a warm elysian stream of eternal peace. Perugia's multitudinous churches and cloisters were all eloquent to him of the riches and splendors of the Romish Church. In his continual intercourse with monks and nuns, he could note innumerable examples of family-like union among those who had renounced their natural families, and had learned to love each other under the protecting roof of their common mother, the Church. Every stone in Perugia preached history to its learned bishop. And the nature that surrounded his see, how splendid it was! When he gazed down into the valley at his feet, clad with vineyards and olive groves, his eye could range far away over one of those rich landscapes that fill the soul with yearning. Lost in dreamy solitude, Assisi sits throned upon her proud height, and many a holy place is there which Dante's muse has sung, and many a spot which the brushes of master painters, saturated with rich color, have rendered glorious and immortal in fresco and on canvas. The very air of Umbria seems permeated with religious thought; for has it not been the great domain of the Romish Church—the province aptly termed "Italian Galilee"?

The history of Perugia from 1846 to

1878, the years during which Pecci held its bishop's crosier, is the history of Italy in miniature. When the bishop entered it, it formed a portion of the States of the Church. When he left it, it was an Italian city, one of the hundred cities that united Italy can boast. As might be expected, Leo had little sympathy with the natural spirit then awakening in Italy. He only recognized it as legitimate so long as it was hostile to the stranger who was still holding the Peninsula in subjection; but when it put itself into antagonism with the Church, which refused to renounce its temporal power, he condemned it entirely.

*Iure sacro imperitas ter denos amplius annos;
Et pleno saturas ubere Pastor oves.*

*Romano incedis Princeps spectandus in ostro,
Belgarumque equitum torquis honore nites.*

*Te pia turba, Deo pubes devota, Sacerdos
Officiis certant demeruisse suis.*

In these words, written shortly before he assumed the papal power, the cardinal refers to his long residence in Perugia, and to the purple which he had received from the hands of Pius IX. Such contemplative reflections pervade the outpourings of Leo's muse, and also distinguish his autobiography.

In order to understand Leo's character we must peruse his poems, which form a veritable diary of his personal emotions and struggles. This poet never sat laurel-crowned with floating mantle at the feet of Apollo and the Muses. He never took part in the inspired dances of the favorites of the gods. He sits humbly at the feet of the grave muse of the Church, and with the Gospel in one hand, and the palm-branch in the other, sings religious hymns, and indites laudations to the Almighty and the saints. Instead of the waving mantle he wears the cassock; Apollo's laurel wreath would harmonize but ill with the tonsure. The mightiest impulses of the human heart, the desire for love and the desire for knowledge, live in him as in all of us. A priest, so to speak, from his boyhood, in the first flush of youth, Leo had known none of the pleasures of life. As is often the case, the poet puts his own woes into the mouth of others, but it is not difficult to recognize the author him-

self in the heroes of these sufferings. A considerable number of his poems treat of sensual love, and they are all alike frosty. Once he comments on the words in St. John's Epistle: "*Omne quod in mundo est concupiscentia carnis est et concupiscentia oculorum, et superbia vitæ,*" stringing together a number of poetical meditations on this verse. And this is not the work of the young priest or of the older bishop, but of the grey-headed pope.

After he had issued from the conclave as pope, he threw himself on his knees, and prayed St. Constantius to aid him in steering the ship of the Church safely into harbor.

*Possit o tandem, domitis procellis,
Visere optatas Leo victor oras;
Occupet tandem vaga cymba portum
sospite cursu.*

He never ceases imploring God and the Madonna that he may find a way to heaven through the paths of virtue, for what are mortal honors worth? His poetical autobiography closes with the words:—

Verum quid fluxos memoras, quid prodixit honores?

Una hominem virtus ditat et una beat.

*Scilicet hanc unam, ævo jam labente, sequaris,
Ad Superos tutum quæ tibi pandat iter,*

*Æterna donec compostus pace quiescas,
Sidereæ ingressus regna beata domus.*

Ah! miserans adsit Deus, eventusque secundet:

Aspiret votis Virgo benigna tuis.

While Bishop of Perugia, Pecci maintained intimate fatherly relations with the youths of the Theological Seminary, and was in the habit of addressing poetical epistles or epigrams to one or another of these students. Already at twenty years of age he had expressed his intention, when ill, of giving utterance to his grief in song. He rarely succeeds in giving plastic form to his feelings; his emotions are deep, for they are religious, but as a poet he is neither lyric nor dramatic enough. His poems have more of the character of metrical exhortations of the bishop to some member of his flock, of the master to his pupils, of the man to him-

self. The elegance and correctness of the Latin, however, compensates for the poverty of the coloring. It is the language, not the imagery, which interprets the wavering of the human heart betwixt purity and passion. The writer's dearth of fancy prevents the struggle from ever reaching a tragic climax, yet, notwithstanding, these poems are touching as the prayers of a soul that has been bruised and scorched.

In the poem "*Ricorso alla Vergine nella tentazione*," one of the few written in Italian, which is addressed to a young theological student, Bishop Pecci recommends him to have recourse to the Virgin in the temptations of the flesh: —

Quando impudico demone,
D'ogni nequizia pieno,
In te col sozzo anello
Sparge il suo rio veleno,

E adombra già dell' animo
L'almo natio candore,
Alla incorrotta Vergine
Leva la mente e il core.

Bagni pietosa lacrima
Il verecondo ciglio,
E a lei, che è madre, supplice
Di': "son, Maria, tuo figlio!"

Poi si converta il gemito
In affannoso grido:
Madre, deh Madre, campami,
In tua virtù m'affido:

Nato pel ciel, tra gli angeli,
Dei gaudii eterni erede,
Non sia giammai che immemore,
Spergiuro alla mia fede,

Ceda all' immondo Asmodeo:
Vergine casta e pia,
D'ogni più lieve macola
Preservami, Maria!

The Madonna to whom our poet applies in his struggles is not the gentle Madonna whom Gioacchino Pecci had seen for more than a generation in the paintings of Perugia. She is no tender maidenly flower after the fashion of the Virgins of the Umbrian school, she is a matron who inspires awe and respect. The immaculate one of Leo's poems stands before us as a stern teacher, a warning mother. We long to taste the sweet fruits of the passing moment, we are on the very threshold of the crime. Then we hear the relentless

call of the mother whose sufferings gave us life, and we pray to her: "*Madre, deh Madre, campami in tua virtù m'affido.*" Our mother leads us, and our desires are healed. There is truth in this matronly Madonna, but she is not the Christian ideal virgin; we do not tremble before the latter as before our mother. True, we recover before the charm of the former, and our recovery is perhaps even more lasting, for the maidenly Madonna enters into our life like a young dream of love.

Many of Leo's verses express a horror of sin. Would that he also gave us a picture of true, pure love, in happy contrast to sinful fleshly lust! But such love is unknown to this son of the Church. His only true loves have been abstract Catholicism and the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas; the heroes of his poems are all Christian martyrs, pious priors and abbesses, Dominicans, Jesuits — in short, those who have the care of souls. There is among them no shepherd blowing his reed pipe, no shepherdess toying with her swain. And yet this ecclesiastical poet, who, from time to time, perhaps unwittingly, uses Virgilian phrases, might have caught some of the idyllic and bucolic spirit of the Roman bard. The poet Pecci considers as true men only those vested in monkish cowl; he does not comprehend them when they don a simple dress. As pope he is diplomat and monk; as poet, monk only. His martyrs sing praises to the Christian God, to the immaculate one, and to the Son of the Virgin. The accents of careless pleasure, drinking songs, joyous harvest strains, the touching tones of children, the sweet whispers of love, never drop from his pen. We hear rather Stygian wailing, lamentations concerning all things that recall the evanescent nature of life and the nullity of our being. Under the title "*Damnatorum ad Inferos lamentabilis vox*" he wrote: —

Auditus stygiis gemitus resonare sub antris:
O detur miseris, hinc procul, hora brevis!

Quid facerent? Imo elicerent e corde dolorem,
Admissum et scelus abstergeret hora brevis.

Our poet has never indited a spring song; this son of Italy never consciously

beheld the splendid nature of his land flaunt in bridal bloom; he ever beheld Italy enveloped in snowy, wintry dress — a sight but rarely seen, for even among the Umbrian mountains, amid which the cardinal bishop lived for thirty years, the earth is seldom wrapped in wintry linen. Yet never does the Italian sky smile on our clerical poet — for him it is ever covered with clouds; and when he gazed on the unfathomable night-sky glimmering with silver stars, he saw in these stars the shining lights of the Church, the holy ecclesiastical luminaries of the Middle Ages, such as Dante, Francesco of Assisi, Thomas Aquinas, Albertus Magnus, St. Dominic, or Bonaventura. Our poet's wintry character is specially marked in his hymn to St. Constantius. This and the song to St. Herculaneus have become popular throughout the whole Catholic world, and innumerable priests have translated them into Italian, French, German, even into Greek, though none have succeeded in reproducing the strength and poetic beauty of the Latin original. In these hymns Leo appears in all the dignity of his Catholic and mediæval convictions. Written but a few days before his accession to the papal throne, they were finished soon after. They celebrate gloriously these two martyrs who held fast to their faith in spite of their torture. As we read, we cannot withhold our reverence for the author who, from the historic connection of his own dignity with that of his predecessors, gained strength and consolation. In the framework of a winter landscape is brought before us the predecessor of Leo XIII., Constantius, the legendary Bishop of Perugia, who died a martyr in the reign of Marcus Aurelius. The saint, the snowy landscape, the closing day, the metallic ring of the language, and the spiritual emotion of the poet welded together, form a harmonious whole. True, the brush-strokes are distinguished rather by force than by richness of color. In the following lines Winter himself seems adumbrated: —

Hyems rigescit, asperis
Montes pruinis albicant,
Solisque crines frigido
Irrorat imbre Aquarius.

That January day, seventeen hundred years ago, may have been as cold and rigid as the breath of the icy, incisive words which emanate from this hymn. A cold pomp of language, truly! Even when painting the torments of the martyr, Leo depicts them coolly, objectively, as in

some historical legend, but never loses sight of that central idea he seeks to enforce, that the power of martyrdom is greater than that of individual might. The enthusiastic believer defies the despotism of his sovereign, the martyr laughs to scorn the foolish heathen customs, the empty thunders of Jupiter and Quirinus. Iron and fire cannot harm him: —

Impios ritus et inane fulmen
Risit indignans Jovis et Quirini;
Obtulit ferro juvenile pectus,
Obtulit igni.

This is not the language of fear. This is neither the wail nor the moan of the crucified — it is the vigorous speech of Christian Rome, a proud, earth subduing summons, to which force is given by the stately tongue of Latium. Verily we tremble when the Christian martyr exclaims, —

I lictor, calida rebellem
Merge sub unda.

The last strophe of the hymn to Constantius takes the form of a prayer spoken by the Perugian bishop for his diocese. The light which streams from the martyr, as he says, ever led him while holding his post in the capital of Umbria; now he is no longer bishop, but pope.

Dive, Pastorem tua in urbe quondam
Infula cinctum, socium et laborum,
Quem pius tutum per iter superna
Luce regebas,

Nunc Petri cymbam tumidum per æquor
Ducere, et pugnae per acuta cernis
Spe bona certa que levare in altos
Lumina montes.

As the tutel genius of Perugia and Umbria, he called on Constantius: —

O Dive, præsens o tuæ
Salus decusque patriæ!

and in the same manner he turns to Herculaneus with the words: —

Tutela præsens patriæ
Salve, Herculane: filiis
Adsis.

Herculaneus defends Perugia with the weapons of religion against the barbarian Totila, encouraging the sons of Umbria to strenuous resistance. The legend is culled from the third book of the dialogues of Pope Gregory the Great. The central idea of this poem also is to show that the martyr's crown compensates for passing suffering; death is evanescent, immortality eternal; St. Herculaneus now sits enthroned in the court of Heaven, looking down on his beloved Umbria. It is easily

comprehensible how Leo's poems are not decked with the colors of life, the brighter and merrier side of which he does not understand. This pope has never laughed; he is devoid of either wit or humor. He once wrote a "Scherzo Poetico," but it is weak. *Æsthetic* emotions he never knew. The pale face of a saint is sweeter to him than Italian maidens fair as spring. His kingdom is not the garden of this earth, with its flowers and fruits; his realm is adorned with shadows and skeletons. "Dies iræ, Dies iræ,"—this voice has pursued him from his cradle to St. Peter's throne. A few years ere he became pope, Cardinal Pecci wrote the elegy in which he passed in review his whole life. Reading it, one is tempted to recall Ovid's poetical autobiography:—

*Ille qui fuerim tenerorum lusor amorum
Quem legis ut noris accipe posteritas.*

Of a truth this is not Ovid; this is no toying love-bard; this is the poet of disease and death.

*Quam flore in primo felix, quam læta Lepinis
Orta ingis, patrio sub lare, vita fuit!*

Did our poet ever know the joys of youth? Those who never were young imagine they have been so once. Pecci was born mature; he has never enjoyed life or known youth. His poems breathe the spirit of the grave. A retrospect of your own life no doubt renders us sad; but those who possess eternal youth, as all true poets do, revive the past with the reproductive power of creation. Our poet harps upon the string:—

Omnia fui, et nil expedit.

He is burying not only his past but his future. The elegy "De se ipso" is unspeakably melancholy. Yet Leo XIII. is no pessimist; he does not jest ironically, comparing our degenerate spirits and the aging culture of our century with the immutability of the mountains, or with the historic glory of times gone by; nor does he break into lamentations like one who has been young and has grown old, for he was ever sad and serious. This disposition of mind is the keynote to his character and to his verses. In him the poet never issues forth from the dim obscurity of a cathedral into the bright sunlight of the day. In the Church he is in his element. It is the only thing a priest may love. The Church, in Leo's opinion, overmasters nature. The Middle Ages are as eternal as eternity. Life is the image of the Church, not the Church that

of life. The world for Leo is built like a cathedral in which we pray, and this building is not a representation of one aspect of life, but life itself. That which the cathedral is architecturally, the philosophical edifice built up by St. Thomas Aquinas is spiritually. The sun of Aquinas has been more potent in Leo's life than that sun which shed its light over Joshua and Ptolemy, and which shines on us. The little sun which darts forth its rays from out the breast of the mediæval Dominican is more to him than the eternal huge sun-ball which matures fruits and men and ideas.

Fortunata soror Superum quæ vesceris aura,
exclaims the poet at the death of a nun. He compares life to a ship traversing unsteadily the ocean of eternity; the feeblest storms overwhelm the fragile boat; death threatens us unceasingly during our voyage:—

Mors instat jam jam nos vorat unda maris.

He envies the pious nun who has reached the haven in safety:—

Portu jam tuta beato.

The cure of souls, Catholic science, ecclesiastical charity—in these lies the happiness of Pecci. He is no common character; neither in his actions nor in his verses is there a trace of egotism; his only ambition is for the Church, his love. No modern philosopher is he, seeking cheap popularity; he is not devoted to science as a sport. If he is not an artist either in the highest sense of the term, he is perchance something higher,—he is a man, a complete man, living and acting within his narrow world of solid ability. He is as self-contained as some Christian house of worship which forms a harmonious whole,—self-contained and at the same time restricted.

In the episcopal letters of Cardinal Pecci we encounter the champion of a religious cause, who draws forth from the dusty arsenal of the old Church fathers and the mediæval scholastics his weapons of attack and defence. That which distinguishes the Church fathers and the scholastic theologians also distinguishes the pope; what they do not possess he also lacks. He has, in common with them, the sense of mystic spiritual union with the martyrs of the Church in all times and ages; the need that is rooted deep in the history of the Church to see its future continued in the spirit of its past; the belief in a supernatural basis for the laws

that rule in States and in nature; the yearning after a spiritual communion between the State and the Church. Pecci is by instinct as apologetic and polemical as the Church fathers; he fails entirely to possess the sense of justice that marks the philosophical observer; his attitude towards heathen thought and antique art is purely offensive; he has no comprehension of the healthy and life-pulsating attitude with which the pagans regarded life; yet, nevertheless, in true scholastic and clerical mode, he forever places heathendom and Christianity in juxtaposition. His philosophy, like his scholasticism, is formulated and regulated by theology. The masters he reveres most after the Evangelists are the Apostle Paul and St. Thomas Aquinas; ever and again we behold him turning to their writings, and re-reading their pages. Centuries have passed since these sages trod the earth, but for Pecci their opinions and dicta remain unimpeached and unimpeachable. Like to them he proclaims the Gospels as the best political system extant, forgetting that the Gospels do not contain a political system, — that it has been artificially read into them. For him St. Augustine's "Civitas Dei" is still applicable to existing conditions.

Nevertheless, even he cannot fail to see that the times have changed; but by skilful scholastic tactics he succeeds in persuading himself that all our modern life of culture and thought can be laid at the feet of the apostles. He beholds around him a culture that was seen neither by the early Church fathers nor by the holy men of the Middle Ages; he sees how men in the name of this modern civilization carry on an implacable war against the Church, and this makes him unwearied in asking how mankind can dare to find modern civilization in contradiction to the spirit of the Church. He insists that such an assumption is a contradiction between cause and effect — between the foundation and the building that is upraised upon it. To him the Church appears as the true mother of modern civilization. He claims as the work of the Church a large number of such reforms, even such advances as have been brought about rather in despite of the Church than by her aid. In an episcopal letter written a year before he ascended the pontifical chair, Leo contends that the epithet Christian is so indissolubly bound up with civilization, that even the most modern and persistent efforts to divorce the two words have proved ineffectual. He deprecates the modern use

of the word civilization, which implies that between it and the Church there exists an innate contradiction and irreconcilable enmity. With just pride he quotes Montesquieu and Macaulay. The former, he says, praised the Christian religion as that "which, having apparently as its goal felicity beyond the grave, in reality is founded on happiness in this." He points with satisfaction to the splendid and eloquent tribute to the Catholic Church indicted by Macaulay in his famous essay on the popes. He remarks that it is the bastards of true civilization who feel themselves called on most frequently to attack the Church as the enemy of civilization.

In perusing the prose writings of the present pope, and especially in reading his episcopal letters — for his encyclicals are more polemic and dogmatic in character, as becomes his changed position — it is interesting to observe how extensively Pecci read during those years of his tenure of the Perugian diocese. His reading was of course limited to French, Italian, and Latin, for he is ignorant of Greek, and is unacquainted either with German or English. The French writers seem especially to have attracted him, and he would appear to have been a regular reader of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

His pen, when speaking of some of these writers, is not always urbane, and his judgments on some of the finest spirits of our age are often sweeping and unjust. Thus he tilted, in an episcopal letter dated 1863, against one of the most eminent writers of our day, Ernest Renan, whom I should like to call the Raphael among authors. Pecci speaks of "La Vie de Jesus" as *un libro inverecondo e blasfemo*, reproaching its author with *sacrilegio bestemmie*, and calling him, not certainly without reason or without wit, an *Arius redivivus*. For the modern philosophers he has no sympathy; he calls them lying philosophers, and Taine he considers as "one of the most impious of this ruthless school."

Nevertheless, it may be contended that the pope has better understood these modern thinkers than the Greek philosophers. He has combated the former, but at least he has understood them; the Greek authors, on the contrary, whom he often cites, he has scarcely apprehended aright. As a rule, the Italians are not strong in the matter of Greek; and philologists like Comparetti and Piccolomini, who hold an honored place in philological sciences, or a Bonghi, who has admirably translated some of the works of Aristotle and Plato,

rather form exceptions. Leo XIII., too, is ignorant of Greek; and mediæval-feeling thinker as he is, he lacks the poetical power to transport himself in imagination into the Greek spirit, as has been done by Giosuè Carducci, the great modern Italian poet. The latter lives in spirit like a veritable Hellene, holding intimate communion with the Dryads, Oreads, and Naiads. Dante, too, who is Leo's poetical ideal, also stood aloof from Hellenism.

In vain does one search in Leo's writings for any mention of English and German classical writers and thinkers. The literary world his spirit embraces is the Latin. Of the Teutonic he has evidently no knowledge, nor would he be able to sympathize with it. And even in reading French and Italian authors, it is manifest that Pecci peruses them entirely for polemical purposes, and that he fails to extract from them æsthetic enjoyment.

There is Roman force in the present pope, but no trace of heathen tendencies. The Apollo Belvedere and the Venus of Milo fail to stir his pulses. Leo XIII. does not even feel a spiritual kinship with the pictures of Leonardo and Raphael; he respects in them the expression of religious feeling, but not as the ideals of art.

The episcopal letters of Pecci are eloquent testimonials of a disposition that has for its centre the mediæval idea of the conformity of all thought with the Church; and however much this doctrine may clash with our modern point of view, we cannot withhold our admiration from a character that is able in this age to move with sincere conviction as in a closed circle in such a scholastic world of thought. In matter Leo is, as I have said, a mediæval thinker; in formula he is somewhat modern. As a modern man he accepts the triumphs of science, while striving to make us forget that these have issued forth from conflict with the church.

For modern inventions, especially those that conduce to comfort and to more rapid communication between men, he has a keen interest. In one of his letters, for which the text is taken from Genesis, in which man is bidden to subdue the earth, he panegyricizes man as the lord of creation, to whom it has been given to penetrate into the very heart of nature, and to discover and acquire the treasures that are hidden in the bowels of the earth. He holds that man is never more impressive than when he thus utilizes and subdues nature to his service; and he goes on to pen a tribute to electricity and its uses. He observes: "That most loving mother

the Church, which sees all this, is far removed from putting hindrances in the way of man; rather she is glad and rejoices at this sight." Remembering that his predecessor, Pius IX., in the eighteenth paragraph of the Syllabus, had cursed a reconciliation between modern civilization and the Church, Leo goes on to explain that, in so speaking, Pius IX. had only meant the false and not the true civilization. Certainly Leo XIII. himself would not have been capable of inditing such an attack upon science as the Syllabus. At the same time, the sense of solidarity with the thoughts and actions of the papacy is so strong in him, that he prefers to explain, and, in a manner, to apologize for the attack made by the infallible pope, rather than ignore its existence.

One of Pecci's favorite arguments in speaking of scientific matters, and in trying to prove that they are not necessarily at variance with the Church, is this, that all great naturalists have worshipped God; and he quotes in support of his argument the names of Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Linnæus, Volta, and Faraday, as well as Bacon's saying that "A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth man's mind about to religion." He fails to see that the God of the Church and the God of these great minds is not precisely the same entity, and that hence the deductions he draws from his statements cannot always be maintained.

As might be anticipated, Pecci thunders against the modern theories of natural law as the basis of all being and all phenomena. "Why should we induce the people to pray before the altar of God and his saints, if everything that happens is but the fruit of various certain and inevitable laws?"

With the gospel of work, too, he has no sympathies. He still regards labor from the old scholastic point of view, as an expiation for sin, and in support of this dictum he quotes St. John Chrysostom. He admits of work in his cosmic system, but "as an exercise in order to strengthen the moral fibre of our nature," and he defends it against its ancient detractors—Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and Terence. But at the same time he falls into the error of seeing an actual moment in an historical one. The ideas of these old thinkers concerning work have been overcome long ago. Pecci, however, cites St. Ambrose and St. Augustine with tragic earnestness, who praised work for the sake of its ethical utility. In connection with

this subject, Pecci lauds the monastic system, which he says has done so much in the cause of work on earth; he commends Italy, upon which have fallen the greatest blessings, thanks to the work of the Church. These are indeed antiquated views. The modern spirit combats monasticism rather on account of its ascetic, idle attitude. Undoubtedly the monks in barbarian days kept alive not only the worship of God but also a feeling for art and letters; but to see in them nowadays the ideal of work is clearly absurd. Modern Italy, above all other States, is carrying on a fierce warfare, in the name of modern law and order, against the representatives of this purely contemplative and inert life; and Italy will certainly one of these days draw the last consequences from its inimical attitude towards the monastic system. Pecci is more correct, and we can be more in sympathy with him, when he speaks of the spirit of renunciation that has so often inspired the messengers of the Church, and which inspires them to this day.

It is impossible to read the writings of the pope and the episcopal letters of the Bishop of Perugia without recognizing and admiring the true religious spirit that pervades them—the manner in which Pecci holds high the banner of the Church without any undue presumption for his own person, without any clerical arrogance. His writings are like a portion of the spirit of the Church; many of her servants have exercised a similar influence over the minds of men by the manner in which they have spoken to the world. Nothing touches the hearts of men more easily than when they see that the chief of a great institution feels himself in solidarity with the joys and sorrows of minor mortals. I will not go so far as to say that modern institutions working for the good of peoples and nations show less solidarity with national and general griefs than the Church or the popes; I will not go so far as to say that modern parliaments, modern States, modern social benefactors, have less sympathy with public misery; and I am entirely persuaded that they are more positive and productive factors than the Church dignitaries and beggar monks. But there is one thing that parliaments, delegates of the people, and modern spokesmen and guardians of the oppressed could learn from the Church, and that is, not only to think in solidarity with the misery of which they are the defenders, but to let their speech and style be in unison with the character of their clients. The need

for this Pope Leo has grasped most perfectly, and herein, no doubt, lies much of the secret of his success. In studying the writings of the pope—his prose writings, of course, I mean, for his poems are rather penned for himself than for the world—we cannot fail to be struck by the terminology employed, and its exact and careful adaptation to the audience for which it is intended. The personality and tendency of the pope would cause him to be rather practical than formal, rather arid than flowery; nevertheless, when he speaks to his flocks it is clear that he makes an effort, and a successful one, to conquer this predilection towards a quiet and chaste style, and decks out his thoughts in the florid and insinuating language of the Church. He speaks to his believers as a father who seeks out his children, and tries to penetrate to their heart by using the language that is most familiar to them. In this astuteness, this calculation if we like, lies the great secret of the success of the Catholic Church, and of the success personally achieved by its head. Indeed Pecci's power of wielding his pen has had much to do with his worldly success.

It had been generally anticipated that Cardinal Pecci would be Pius IX.'s successor; he had ruled his Perugian diocese with so vigorous a hand; he had not only conscientiously fulfilled his calling as priest, but had also been active as teacher and benefactor in the community intrusted to him. These qualities could not fail to tell in a papal capacity. But, besides this, it was hoped that he would couch in chaste and classical style his encyclical addresses, which under Pius IX. had been conceived with injurious asperity, and in a tone far from statesmanlike. It was hoped, too, that his masterly language would not come as a battle-cry, but descend from St. Peter's chair as from a supreme and dignified judgment seat. That Leo XIII.'s Latin style is masterly even the most perfect humanists of Italy confess, who are repelled and shocked at the Latin written by northern philologists. The style of the latter is condemned as more than dubious, in no wise resembling the Latin of the ancient Romans. If Leo XIII. indites his mediæval thoughts in a Latin style which is not that of the golden age, neither is it the Latin of the scholars; it is rather the Latin of the Renaissance. Imagine a disciple of St. Thomas Aquinas, who is clothing his meditations in the speech of the classical world, which has risen again, and the poet and writer Leo XIII. stands before us. This Leo XIII.

however, has nothing in common with Leo X. The present pope wears nothing but the Latin dress of the Renaissance; he is separated from its spirit by a world of differences. The distance from Leo XIII. to Leo X. is as long as that from 1300 to 1500.

Even opponents cannot fail to be impressed by the proud tone that emanates from Pecci's Perugian episcopal letters — letters that have been recently issued in book form. In order to appreciate them fully they should be compared with the encyclicals of Pius IX. The latter beats about him wildly in his rage against his adversaries like an impotent old man, and uses language far from dignified; the former stands forth in stately calm, singing with unwavering decision in ringing tones: "*Gloria patri filio et spiritu sancto in sæcula seculorum.*" In Pecci's encyclicals his language is not always so just and free from asperity. There are a few, like those against the Protestants, that would seem to have been penned in the spirit of Pius IX.; still, even in these it is always evident that Leo is deeply sincere, fully penetrated by a belief in the eternal character of the papacy, and not inclined to abate one titlle of the historic rights of the Church to the Italian government.

A room in the house at Carpineto, the smoke-blackened little town among the Volscian hills where the pope was born, is shown as that where slept the cardinal on the rare visits he made to his family from Perugia. Upon the wall hangs framed an autograph letter in which for the first time is written the historical name of the pope. It runs thus: —

DEAR BROTHERS, — I give you news that the Holy College of Cardinals has this morning raised my unworthiness to St. Peter's See. This is the first letter I write. It is directed to my relatives, for whom I beg all happiness from heaven, and to whom I lovingly send my episcopal blessing. Pray much for me to the Lord.

LEO XIII.

The newly elected pope wrote this letter with trembling hand to his family at Carpineto. At the moment in which he had climbed the highest peak of earthly ambition, he felt drawn to remember the benefits which the intimate relations he had ever maintained with his home had shed over his earnest, strenuous life. When, succeeding to the throne of the last pope who had held temporal power, he faced a future full of anxiety and uncertainty, aware that he now forever ceased to be a person to whom are per-

mitted private inclinations, joys, and pleasures, he drew consolation from a living, grateful remembrance of his parental roof. At that solemn moment of emotion in which a thousand thoughts pressed hard upon each other, and the bells of the Eternal City which had formerly called him to the worship of the supernatural being, now proclaimed his own name in melodious harmony *urbi et orbi*, he took mental flight to Carpineto in order to collect his thoughts. He trembled, as all deep natures will, before the mighty word of Fate, which had made his little ego the symbol of belief for many millions of mortals, and he found his personality again in that tender writing to his brothers. In one of his poems he sings the happiness of that home.

All through his life Leo XIII. kept up good relations with his family, and has always remembered his birthplace, on which he has already spent several millions of francs. He has restored old churches and erected new ones; he has built a school in which pious sisters educate the village children, and a hospital in which pious brethren tend the sick.

They were a devout family these Pecci, centred in a quiet domestic life, having little contact with the outer world. The boy's early impressions were confined to the family circle, the world of mountains that surrounded him, and the peace of dogmas that pervaded the establishment. At Carpineto, nature does not reveal herself in Italian wealth and Italian glory of color. The boy's visual horizon was circumscribed by rugged hills, whose slopes are clothed with olive-gardens, while chestnuts and beeches overspread the upper portion. In the shadow of these woods the future pope and his brothers and sisters played in the days of their early childhood. No orange or lemon trees thrive here — in this high spot winter is rigid; hence the nature which surrounded Leo's infancy was stern rather than tender, and the nature of his parents resembled that of the mountains. Their portraits show lineaments full of serious gravity; that of the mother especially, though not indicative of special intelligence or spiritual gifts, reveals solid ability and strong religious sense.

In this gloomy hamlet, nestling amid these sombre mountains, the house, or castle as it is ostentatiously called, of the Pecci family is the most considerable building; and just as it towers above the wretched houses of Carpineto, so tower above its inmates the Pecci family, heredi-

itary lords there for centuries, and distinguished from among the other inhabitants by their wealth. A certain traditional Catholic piety seems to have descended together with this wealth from father to son. Among such surroundings, such traditions, the young Gioacchino, for that was his pre-pontifical name, passed his earliest tender years,—those years in which impressions are so readily taken, and so easily become indelible. They were a numerous family circle in those days, consisting of four brothers and two sisters. One brother, Giuseppe, dedicated himself also to the spiritual career, and it was his brother the pope who was later to invest him with the purple.

In the house at Carpineto is still to be seen the room in which Anna Prosperi Pecci of Cori brought into the world the cardinal in 1807, and the present pope in 1810. Two Latin inscriptions written in distichs adorn the walls of the room. One lauds the "pope crowned with the triple diadem, who was glorious on earth as the thirteenth Leo;" the other the man "who has devoted himself to the study of Thomas Aquinas, and has won the eternal honor of being among the purple clad, and who shines more for his wisdom than for his purple."

The boy Gioacchino gave early signs of wishing to serve as a servant of God. He often stole from his home out of the circle of his loved ones, and, Bible in hand, would wend his way into the open country to read the Scriptures. A chestnut-tree is still pointed out near Carpineto which stands before the casino belonging to the Pecci family, in whose shadow the boy, studious of high things, used to lie and read. From his home and from Carpineto, shut in by its mountains, he first imbibed the ideas of an orderly and self-controlled existence.

Happy is he whose childhood is passed without superfluity and without want, permeated by an ideal! Happy is he the horizon of whose thoughts and life in his first youth is narrow! Gioacchino drew in an atmosphere limited perhaps in ideas, but full of earnestness; and a boy who rises with God and the saints upon his lips, and retires to rest again with the same inspirations, will, if his mind unfolds at all, develop a heartfelt zeal which will enable him to tread the paths of a dogmatic religion in such wise that it takes shape and form in his spirit, and become to him the personal, almighty, omniscient, perfect sum of things. A boy is not lost who prays before the altar; who holds solemn

intercourse on holy days with the inhabitants of another world, unknown to him, but decked in his mental vision with the mystic crowns endowed them by the fancy of a religious brotherhood; who listens to songs telling of resurrection and of pardon; who plucks in joyful hope from the grave of his loved ones the flowers of the second, better life men dream of.

When a boy of eight, Gioacchino left his native town of Carpineto to go to Viterbo, in company with his brother Giuseppe.

*Altrix te puerum Vetulonia suscipit ulnis,
Atque in Loyolæa excolit æde pium.*

So he sings of Viterbo,—"Loyolæa ædes" being the Jesuit college which he and his brother entered on reaching the city after a five days' journey. In this seminary Gioacchino gained that intimate knowledge of the Latin tongue which he was afterwards to write in such masterly style. This change of abode was of immense importance to his intellectual development; from the prosaic borough of Carpineto he had suddenly stepped into a world full of historical remembrances. Here at Viterbo he was enveloped by the breath of past ages of popes; here he could wander in the tragic footsteps of popes who had come thither as fugitives from glittering Rome, fleeing from the misery which is so often combined with power. Here he could stand by the grave of many a pontiff, and that holy awe would fall upon him which men feel when they find themselves face to face with the monuments of history. For six years the lad remained at Viterbo, pursuing a careful routine of studies.

At fourteen years of age he became a scholar in the Jesuit college at Rome. Leo XII. had mounted St. Peter's chair a year before. The personality of this pope, whom the youth would see from time to time, made so deep an impression upon him, that he took him as a model of his own life, and in remembrance of his youthful admiration for this pontiff, he assumed his name when he himself was called upon to bear the tiara.

His sojourn in Rome is described in the following terms:—

*Mutia dein Romæ tenere palatia; Romæ
Florentem studiis docta palæstra tenet;*

*Tempore quo, meminisse iuvat, MANERA, Patrumque
Ingenio et fama nobilis illa cohors*

*Mentem alit, et puro latices de fonte recludens
Te Sophia atque Dei scita verenda docet.*

Præmia laudis habes; victrici præmia fronti
Parta labore comas laurea condecorat.

Addit mox animos et vires SALA secundas,
Princeps romano murice conspicuus;

Auspice quo cursum moliris, mente volutans
Usque tua tanti dicta diserta senis.

In the year 1825 it fell to Pecci's lot to hold a Latin discourse in the great hall of the Roman college — a discourse in which he compared Christian and heathen Rome. Such comparisons have ever since been a favorite style of literature with Leo. He makes them constantly in the pastoral letters which he wrote as bishop, and they reappear in his papal encyclicals. It cannot, however, be truly maintained that he is quite just to the pagan genius. As a student, Gioacchino occupied himself zealously not only with theology and the dogmatic branches of study, but also made great progress in mathematics and physics. In the "Collegium Romanum," that late citadel of the Jesuits in Rome, which now, as the seat of a modern educational establishment, has become the abode of free-thought, he forged his first aggressive arms, the arms which he afterwards used so ably in the wars he waged as bishop and pope. As a youth of nineteen he carried off the first prize for physics.

At the age of twenty, having tried a weak constitution by overwork, he fell seriously ill, and feared for his life. In his need he bewailed his illness in Latin distichs: —

Nocte vigil, tarda componis membra quiete,
Viribus effetis esca nec ulla levat

Languentem stomachum; depresso lumine
ocelli

Caligant; ictum sæpe dolore caput.

Mox gelida arentes misere depascitur artus
Febris edax, mox et torrida discruciat.

Iam macies vultu apparet, iam pectus anhelum
est;

Deficis en toto corpore languidulus.

But his sufferings did not cause him to despair. To this youth of twenty there was familiar another home more enduring than that of earth, on which man rests but for awhile on his pilgrimage. He longed after so brief a voyage to steer his boat happily into this everlasting haven.

Non trepida frangar formidine: mortem,
Dum properat, fortis, lætus et operiar.

Non me labentis pertentant gaudia vitæ,
Æternis inhians nil peritura moror.

Attingens patriam, felix erit advena, felix
Si valet ad portum ducere nauta ratem.

But he recovered from his sickness, and at the age of twenty-two held a public disputation, which was so remarkable that it led his teachers to prophesy great things for his future.

The pope's personal appearance is what we should suppose from his poems. The writer saw him for the first time in the Sistine Chapel, when he was praying for the soul of King Alfonso of Spain. After the mass the pope turned to the congregation, and gave his papal benediction. I kept my eyes fastened on the high priest. A cool diplomat, a rigid monk, a mediæval thinker stood before me, and blessed the assembly. The voice with which he spoke the benediction was like himself, firm, severe, hard. Was this really the benediction of a gentle-hearted priest? It rang in my ears like "Dies iræ, Dies iræ." What a duet there was in that chapel! the voice of the Last Judgment which spoke to us in tones of rich color from above, and the blessing of that monkish diplomat who wears the tiara. Was he speaking to us ordinary men? Was he not rather blessing those gaily dressed diplomatists and black and brown cowed friars? No passionate Italian stood before me, but the writer of the poems in which the Holy Father reveals himself.

SIGMUND MUNZ.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
SYLVIA.

I.

DEAR THORNTON, — Here I am, and I like it. It is an ideal retreat, and you may write me down an ass for having never accepted an invitation from my elderly relative before. What do you say to a long, low, rose-covered house with a thatched roof on which patches of vivid yellow stonecrop flourish, and this literally in the midst of a wood! Behind the house there is a steep bank covered with a delicious tangle of flowers and ferns rising straight up, and crowned with a row of feathery larches. In front, except for a little clearing round the house, you step out of the porch into the woods. Glorious! just what I wanted — quiet, sunshine, cool, green depths of forest, and exquisite bits for sketching, when I'm not far too lazy to work at all. Then the old man is delightful — scholarly, with the most courtly manners, and entirely satisfactory to look at. There is a daughter. I may as well forestall your sarcasm by stating

frankly that I *am* interested in the daughter — professionally. When I have recovered from the altogether unusual fit of laziness (or call it artistic trance) into which this place has thrown me, I'm going to make *such* a sketch of her. Old Maynard has evidently some idea of the eternal fitness of things, inasmuch as he has provided her with appropriate surroundings. I'm not sure that she would even be pretty in London; but "under the greenwood tree" she is adorable. She makes you think of wood-spirits, elves, dryads — everything that is not quite human and yet teasingly beautiful, and after Dame Nature's own heart. I've been reading "Transformation" on the strength of these fancies. I'm being gradually lulled to sleep by the hum of bees in the lime-trees overhead (you conduct your correspondence as everything else out of doors in this Arcadia), and somewhere near there is a brook singing in its sleep to increase my drowsiness; so, if it pleases you, put down my rhapsodies anent this forest maiden to such stuff as dreams are made of. Why not come and see her yourself, and become incoherent also? By the way, I'm *not* in love with her except in the strictly professional sense. Mortals don't fall in love with wood-nymphs, without disastrous results; and even for the joy of acting the gallant knight in a mediæval romance I couldn't put up with the Nemesis which invariably pursues those rash gentlemen. I don't know how old she is, and I wouldn't for the world inquire. Why should I not continue to half imagine her immortal, and always young? Seriously, old fellow (the thought has just struck me), why don't you come down here for a week? You've never been to Wales, I think; lovelier country you wouldn't get anywhere than round the village of Llwyn-y-bryn, which, though it has the decency not to intrude on the sylvanness of things, is really close at hand, and boasts of a very tolerable inn. I believe this would suit you. You would get on with the old man, he's devoted to his books; you would enjoy the benefit of mingled instruction and amusement in my society, *and* — you would see the daughter! The fates, in the shape of her godfathers and godmothers at her baptism, were propitious, — her name is Sylvia.

Yours, my dear Thornton,
HAL MERIVALE.

As a result of this letter Merivale had received a telegram from Thornton about a week afterwards asking him to take

rooms at the inn, and on the same evening he was at the village station waiting for the London train.

Carl Thornton was a man of whom Merivale probably knew very little, though he would have laughed the idea to scorn if you had suggested it to him. They had been at Oxford together, and had lived quite near one another for the last two years in Paris. They knew many of each other's friends in town. After all this if he didn't know old Thornton pretty well, he ought to: "A very good fellow Thornton, though rather heavy, you know." Merivale was a painter. Cleverish certainly, if not decidedly clever, was his general reputation. As for Thornton, he was chiefly remarkable, among the men who knew him only slightly, for working as hard at his profession of journalism as if he had not a penny to bless himself with, though it was well known that he had independent means. In this respect, however, the two men were alike, for Hal also had money.

The train came leisurely up to the platform in its own good time, and Merivale went with eager greetings to shake hands with the one passenger who got out at the little station, a man some few years older than himself, tall, dark-eyed, and rather grave at first sight. He met Merivale with a quiet though slightly quizzical smile. That the latter would be overjoyed to see him he quite expected. Merivale was always overjoyed to see every one; that was one of his many charms, his admirers declared, his unbounded faculty for joyousness. His delight when a friend who had been suffering from a dangerous illness was pronounced out of danger was evident and unfeigned; so it was when he himself made a good bag at shooting next day.

"Delighted to see you, my dear fellow," he repeated, as he sprang into the little light cart beside Thornton; "especially as I was afraid you wouldn't come. We'll just drive round to the Rosetree first, and then I'm to bring you along to dinner — that is Mr. Maynard hopes you will honor him, etc."

"Well, I had promised to go to my married sister's in town, but she put me off at the last moment; and Paris is so insufferably hot that your description of the Hermitage sounded cooling," explained Carl, as they drove off.

II.

THEY sent the cart on from the Rose-tree, that they might walk through the

woods to the house, and when at length they came in sight of it, Thornton acknowledged the justice of Hal's praise. Long acquaintance with Merivale's faculty for exaggeration had prepared him to feel no disappointment if his host should fall short of the promised personal attractions, and he had reason to commend the justice of his friend's description, when a tall, handsome old man came forward to greet them in the gentlest and most courtly fashion.

Dinner was served in a long, low wainscoted room, and Carl noticed the long-stemmed delicate glasses and the quaint dinner-service, the bowls of flowers on the table, and the monthly roses pushing their pink faces in at the latticed windows, with satisfaction and approval. Hal was in excellent spirits. He told good stories — not such good ones, to be sure, as Carl had heard him relate in slightly different circumstances, but stories suited to the taste and understanding of a scholarly old gentleman whose wine was excellent. He talked rapturously of Thornton's achievements as a writer, and at the name he was making in the literary world, whereat Carl smiled and said nothing, though Mr. Maynard was evidently much interested; and he spoke modestly, as becomes a young man, of his own pictures, and was commended for both pictures and modesty by his host.

Carl had noticed that the table was laid for four, and he had also observed that Hal often glanced at the empty place, and then at the door.

"Isn't Miss Sylvia coming?" he asked presently in a slight pause of the conversation.

Mr. Maynard smiled. "Times and seasons were not made for Sylvia," he replied; "dinner-times especially. I expect she took her lunch in the woods."

It was some time afterwards, when they had left the table and were sitting in the vine-shaded porch, that Carl first saw Sylvia. Mr. Maynard, finding a ready listener in Thornton, was now fairly launched on the subject of rare books, and had gone into the library to get a special one for Carl's admiration. Just in front of the house was an open glade, from which various winding paths led into the heart of the wood, and at the point where one of these paths broadened out into the open space a group of little children came into sight. In their midst was Sylvia. Two little girls held her hands — one clung to her dress and trotted along with great difficulty, for the two who had secured the

best places were walking on her feet with beautiful unconcern. One little maiden in a pink pinafore stepped slowly backwards in front of the party, her hands clasped behind her. All their faces were upturned, for Sylvia was telling them something, and so completely were they all absorbed that the two men could watch unobserved, as the procession came slowly across the sylvan stage. Excitement and suspense were to be read in the round eyes and parted lips of the children as Sylvia talked. She spoke rapidly and in an undertone, so that what she said was indistinguishable; but in her quick smiles and glances as she turned first to one child, then to another, and in the way she sometimes dropped her voice to a whisper, there was a wonderful suggestion of mystery. Almost in front of the porch she suddenly stopped and pointed up into the darkness of the pine-tree branches under which they happened to be standing. Instantly all eyes were upturned, and by reason of the screen of vine leaves Thornton had an opportunity of looking at the girl critically. Something about her, even at the first hasty glance, had aroused his interest and curiosity, and justified Hal's rather mystifying mention of her. He saw a very young girl, certainly not much over seventeen. She was tall and upright, with the kind of figure a painter might choose for his picture of "Queen and Huntress." Her face — as Thornton looked at it, it struck him how difficult her face would be to describe. Its chief beauty lay in the coloring and expression, though a half doubt arose in his mind whether this last *was* a beauty, though of its attractive power there could be no doubt. Her skin was burnt to quite a reddish brown, through which the rich color seemed to glow in her cheeks, rounded like a young child's. Her mouth was beautiful, rather large, but arched to a perfect cupid's bow, the full red lips a little parted with a slight droop at the corners, like the lips of a pretty baby. Her eyes were unusually large, and were brown, but the clearest brown, the color of mountain streams after rain when the sunlight slants upon the water. She wore her hair loose, falling all about her face; and the hair too was brown, a living, sunny brown, holding the light at the edges of the tendril-like curls that fell across her forehead and touched her cheeks.

Thornton's first thought was that he had never seen such a distractingly pretty child; and then he looked again, and was provoked because he could not tell what

was the something about her that was so strange, that made even the sense of her beauty unsatisfactory. Vague illusive notions of "sweet wild creatures" of the woods, *almost* human, began to float through his mind. Was it anything in her expression, or her eyes, or — But suddenly Sylvia ceased talking and looked towards the porch. For a moment she paused irresolutely, and Thornton felt in an undefined sort of fashion that if some bright-eyed woodland creature, after one startled gaze at mortal men, had darted off into the forest leaving the place where the girl had stood empty, it would hardly have seemed unnatural. For a second she looked at the two men, then suddenly turned and fled into the house by another door, leaving the children staring blankly in the direction in which she had vanished.

"Isn't she perfect?" asked Merivale excitedly. He seemed in no way surprised at her flight. "Upon my soul, I believe she tells those children more things than we dream of, etc." He called one of the little ones to him. "They are village children, I suppose," he said, as the child, tempted by a coin he held up, came shyly nearer with one finger in her mouth, while the rest looked on at a safe distance.

"Does Miss Sylvia tell you pretty stories?" he asked, as the little girl took the penny without removing her eyes from his face.

She nodded and smiled.

"What does she tell you about?" was the next question.

The child gave a quick look round towards the wood, then glanced up into the trees, and smiled again, but said nothing. Hal now began to go as thoroughly into the matter as though his life depended upon finding out what the child knew. In vain; at coaxings and entreaties she merely pursed up her lips, looked mysterious and important, but refused to reply.

"Why not ask Miss Sylvia herself," said Thornton at last quietly, "if you are so keen about it?"

Merivale flushed, but his reply was cut short by Mr. Maynard's appearance, book in hand.

"Here it is, after a long hunt," he said, smoothing the cover lovingly before he opened it.

After a few moments Hal rose, and walked away, whistling softly, and presently Carl saw him sitting in the library window-seat, and Sylvia was beside him.

III.

CARL quickly fell under the spell of this life in the woods. The experience was altogether novel and had a peculiar charm for him. Mr. Maynard had persuaded him to give up his rooms at the inn, and take up his quarters at the cottage for a time. "There is plenty of room, and I shall like to have you," he said with unmistakable sincerity; and Carl had yielded. He liked the old man, there was a great charm about his courtly manners and his gentleness, a gentleness which was especially noticeable in his manner to his daughter.

The mornings were usually spent by Thornton in the library, for he had a good deal of work on hand just then, and he liked the cool, shady room with the latticed windows wide open to the rustling trees. Often Mr. Maynard shared the room with him, sitting for an hour or two at a time in the low window-seat, his white head bent over a book.

One morning, as he was sitting thus, Sylvia ran past. Her father called to her and she stopped with a frown of childish impatience, and slowly retraced her steps.

"Sylvia, are you off into the woods again?" he asked gently. "You run about too much by yourself, my child. I don't quite like it."

"Mr. Merivale's going with me," she replied sulkily, her whole face changing in a moment to a perfect thunder cloud. "I thought you wanted my picture painted —"

"Yes, yes, my darling," answered her father hastily. "If Mr. Merivale is going with you that is a different matter. I didn't know he was sketching you out of doors."

"Considering that Mr. Merivale has been out with her every day this week, let's hope it's done," was Thornton's mental comment, as he went on steadily writing.

"Take plenty of lunch, dear, — and let me see my child look happy before she goes," urged Mr. Maynard tenderly.

The smile which, spreading gradually over Sylvia's face, dispersed the frowns was the prettiest thing to see. It was as though you had watched the sun emerge slowly from behind a dark cloud and gradually flood the fields with light.

"What a provokingly lovable baby it is," thought the apparently busy writer, as Sylvia leant in at the window and patted her father's cheek, giving his long hair little twitches every now and then, like a mischievous nut-brown squirrel.

"You know what you promised me if I sat still for my picture," — she was beginning when she caught sight of Thornton, and an indescribable kind of blank expression came creeping up into her face a moment before so arch and coaxing. Carl had noticed the look before, when she was startled or puzzled over anything. She looked at him for a second with wide-open eyes, and then walked slowly away, looking back over her shoulder as she went.

Mr. Maynard moved uneasily, glanced at Thornton, and seemed relieved to see that his head was still bent over his writing. Then he crossed the room to the book-shelves, took down a book, and stood looking at it for a long time, though an interested observer glancing over his shoulder would have seen that he held it upside down.

The busy scratching of Thornton's pen was the only sound. As he paused an instant to take a fresh sheet Mr. Maynard suddenly asked, his face still turned to the bookcase, "What do you think of Sylvia?"

Carl raised his head, looked to where his host stood with his back towards him taking down a fresh book, and replied, "I think she is charming."

Mr. Maynard fluttered the leaves of the volume he held for a second, then replaced it on the shelf, and turned and faced him. "That is not what I meant, you know," he said, in a tone as different as possible from his usually gentle voice. "I mean, do you notice that she is, — different from other people?"

Carl looked at the old man, and abandoned the idea of an ambiguous compliment which the words had suggested as a way out of the difficulty. "Yes," he replied gravely. "I have noticed it."

Mr. Maynard sighed. "If her mother had lived," he said almost inaudibly, beginning to pace the room slowly, "she would have known — She must be eighteen by now," he went on musingly. "She runs wild, and it is not good for her, — only she loves it so," he added pathetically. "Still, it is time, quite time, that she had woman's society," he went on with an air of great resoluteness. "If I could only get her to go to London, — my cousin, Mrs. Rivers has often asked her, but — couldn't you persuade her?" he asked, turning hopefully to Carl.

"I?" returned Carl. "I am afraid I should be no good. Wouldn't Merivale be better?" he suggested after a pause.

"Would Hal persuade any one to do

anything, do you think?" inquired Mr. Maynard doubtfully.

"He would not persuade *me*," said Carl rather dryly; "but then I am not a woman."

"I don't know what to do — how to act," continued the old man in a tone of perplexed distress, as he began pacing the room again. "I feel as though I'm neglecting my duty to her sadly, and yet, God knows, it is not for want of thinking. But there are unusual difficulties. "I — she is all I have, Mr. Thornton," he broke off hurriedly.

"I know," said Carl sympathetically.

Mr. Maynard stopped in his walk up and down the room, and laid his hand on the young man's shoulder. "I should like to tell you a little about my wife, and — and Sylvia, if it will not be boring you," he said. "I have known you a very short time, yet I feel you will understand."

"I am proud to have your confidence," answered Carl simply.

"There is little enough to tell you after all," he said after a long silence. "Two years from the time I first saw Marie she was in her grave. Such a little shy thing she was when I first knew her people in London. I got to know them quite by chance; they were well-meaning, everyday folks, the sort of people who are called 'religious'; and as a consequence poor Marie had lived a grey life, you understand — no color, no life, no fun. She was crushed, repressed, and naturally she was the brightest, gayest, — well, I married her," he went on in a strained voice, "though I was twice her age, and, thank God, she was happy. I shall never forget how the color came into her cheeks, and into her whole life too, so to speak, when she left home. So gay she was, so bright, — Sylvia has her laugh and her bright eyes. We had been married more than a year when I brought her here for the first time, and she went nearly wild with joy. She had never been in the country before, and she was just like some wild caged thing set free. Her happiness over the flowers and the birds! I remember one day when she saw a squirrel for the first time, — it was pretty to see her color come with delight." He took off his spectacles, and was a long time polishing them before he went on. "Sylvia was born here," he said, "and her mother died two days afterwards. She would not have the little one called Marie, but when I suggested Sylvia she smiled. So Sylvia was born in the woods you see, and she has the love of the woods in her blood. I often wonder

whether that is why she is, — different. We have spent every summer here since she was born, and in the winter we go to the sea. You may think it a lonely life for the child, but she is happy. It would break my heart if she were not happy!" he added tremulously, "and that is why I cannot bear to force her to go away. She cannot bear towns, — but she must go, — she *must* go," he repeated sadly.

Carl made no remark for some time when the old man ceased. Then he said, "Thank you for telling me;" and after a little hesitation, "If ever I can help you — I know it isn't likely, but if —"

"Thank you, my boy, thank you," said Mr. Maynard, his eyes a little dim.

IV.

MERIVALE and Sylvia had gone to the Torrent Glen. They had been to the Torrent Glen nearly every day for the past week, and yet Hal was as enthusiastically delighted with the spot as ever, though it was the scene of the hardest labor he had ever bestowed with a view to gaining any girl's fancy, — to leave heart out of the question. Labor not altogether thrown away, though there remained much to be done. Even now, it was a matter of delighted self-congratulation with him when he succeeded in keeping the girl at his side for half an hour at a time; and when she rushed off, as, despite his utmost care she still would do, urged by a sudden impulse of impatience or mere freakishness, he was more annoyed than surprised. But Hal's was a buoyant spirit, and the difficulties of the game merely spurred him on to fresh efforts. Should a man so accustomed to conducting clever flirtations as he be foiled by a country child like this, above all, one so delightfully unsophisticated and ignorant? Perish the ignoble thought!

Such a beautiful place it was! A broad, deep cleft in the rocks right in the heart of the forest, in shape like a horseshoe, along whose floor hurried a boulder-strewn stream fed by the dashing waterfall which leapt over the cliff at the top of the glen. A winding, mossy path overhung the river on either side, cut half way between the straight red cliffs above and the grassy bank below sloping steeply to the water's edge. Trees and underwood hung over the water, young trees clung by their roots to the red-brown cliffs and flung over them a delicate veil of green, and trees looked down from the wooded heights above the glen, their leaves quivering against the intense blue of the sky on this glorious

summer day. Sylvia sprang lightly from one wet stone to another, till she reached mid-stream at the foot of the waterfall, where the river, turning a little aside, made a deep, wide pool.

"Come and see how quiet the water is here," she called, in her peculiarly clear, fresh voice. Hal was setting up his easel, but he left it at once to obey. Before he could reach her she had crossed the stream and was half-way up the opposite bank, holding with one hand to a branch, while she leant over to peer into a bird's nest. Merivale saw her smile as she looked, — he had seen her smile just so to the children she talked with.

He turned away with an impatient shrug.

"I shall have to wait half an hour till my lady chooses to come down, I suppose," he thought, frowning and busying himself once more with his painting apparatus. But Sylvia was beside him.

"Are you ready for me?" she asked, seating herself in the required attitude.

"I await your pleasure, Miss Sylvia," he answered, with a bow and a sunny smile.

After a moment she laughed softly, and then pouted. "*Miss Sylvia*," she mocked. "Just what my old nurse says."

"Miss Maynard, — I ask pardon," replied Hal with exaggerated gravity, looking at her furtively.

Sylvia frowned. "That's what that grave friend of yours calls me," screwing up her face into what was evidently intended to be a representation of Thornton's normal expression. "I don't like him. I'm afraid of him," she added, pouting again.

"Sylvia!" then exclaimed Hal radiantly. "'Who is Sylvia, what is she, that all our swains commend her?'" he began to sing, painting away vigorously.

"Who said that?" asked Sylvia curiously.

"A gentleman named William Shakespeare, — Sylvia."

"Is he alive?" she asked. Hal looked up, but the question was evidently in perfect good faith, and he mentally registered one more astonished shock adroitly disguised.

"No," he replied, "not now; but he knew all about *you* before he died."

"How? Why?" inquired Sylvia, like an eager child.

"Why, he says, — 'Who is Sylvia?' So he must have known that it is a puzzle. I give it up. She isn't an Undine; perhaps she's a Dryad."

"What do you say?" pursued Sylvia, wrinkling her forehead.

"Not a water-maiden, a forest-maiden."

Sylvia still looked perplexed.

"You have heard of Undine, haven't you, Sylvia?" he asked, leaning on his easel, and fixing his bright eyes on her face.

"No," said Sylvia, moving her head restlessly and dropping her eyes. She made a half movement as if to rise.

Hal took up his brushes. "It's a story," he said hastily. Sylvia settled down as he began "Once upon a time," and after the first few words listened attentively.

Hal told the beautiful story well. The situation appealed to his artistic sense. What legend could more appropriately be told here, to the accompaniment of murmuring water? And where should he find a more appropriate listener? He was not disappointed in its effect on the girl.

"Why did she say, 'I thank thee for my soul?'" she asked, when the story was finished. "She was happier without. I would rather be gay without care."

Hal smiled. "Exactly what you are, my child.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling,"

he chanted.

"You like me not to have a soul, then?" observed Sylvia.

Merivale started. It was one of her particularly elf-like characteristics that trick she had of occasionally understanding something he had thought beyond her.

"Sylvia is perfect as she is," he replied, laughing to conceal his discomfiture; "for 'all her swains (of whom let *me* be chief, Sylvia) commend her.'"

"You never answer me," exclaimed the girl angrily; "and I'm tired of sitting still," springing to her feet on the broad, flat stone as she spoke. Hal groaned but submitted perforce. To induce Sylvia to sit still one moment after she had once begun to fidget, he admitted, with the modesty of true greatness, to be a task beyond him.

"Let us have lunch," he hastened to propose, for her restless eyes had begun to rove the glen, and experience had made him aware that, unless her thoughts were speedily diverted, she would be off like the wind. "The hardest work I ever had in my life," he murmured, as he unpacked the basket hurriedly, Sylvia watching him

uncertainly from where she stood poised on the stone as if for immediate flight.

"But if I paint the picture I've got in my mind, my name's made to a dead certainty. Though, by Jove! I believe I'd rather tame this creature than get into the Academy," he added mentally, as Sylvia, when everything was ready, began to walk with lingering, dainty steps towards him, casting bright glances first on him, then on the temptingly spread cloth, and finally all around her, as one whom "every prospect pleases." Hal almost held his breath while he waited to see whether she would endorse the opinion expressed in the next line. Apparently not, for, after a few more seconds of hesitation, she took her place beside him.

Evidently she had not stayed because she was hungry. In a minute or two she jumped up, after crumbling her bread on the stones for the birds, and went to the picture on the easel. After a moment she smiled, as a child smiles when it sees its reflection in the glass, and Hal came and stood behind her. Presently his arm stole round her shoulder while he went on talking in an even tone, inwardly remarking with some trepidation that this kind of thing was a bold move, and wondering whether it was made too soon. Sylvia started a little, looked down at his hand curiously, but did not stir.

"Do you think I could ever learn to paint?" she asked. "I should like to make pictures of the birds and the creatures."

"Don't learn to do anything so commonplace and like an ordinary mortal, Sylvia. The birds would despise you; you would never get them to talk to you any more."

Sylvia whisked suddenly round. "How do you know they do?" she cried, her large, bright eyes full of startled dismay. "I never told you; *you* are not a child."

"No, but I wish I were, if you would talk to me; Sylvia." He sank his voice to a whisper, and spoke half banteringly. "Then I should know how you sit like a wood queen under the trees sometimes, and little feet come softly pattering, and bright eyes look up to you from the ground and down upon you from the branches; and you hear what the merry brown hares have to say, and you know what the impudent wave of the squirrel's tail means, and what the birds talk about when the day is dawning, — eh, Sylvia?" said Hal mischievously.

Sylvia looked at him, and great tears began to glitter on her eyelashes.

"You have no *right* to listen when I talk

to the children," she began fiercely, "for grown-up people it is nonsense, but"—she struggled wildly to get free, but Hal held her and soothed her, till suddenly she laughed. "What nonsense!" she cried; and then for a moment that indescribable expression Thornton had noticed crept into her face. Hal had also noticed it before.

"Look, Sylvia!" he said, to change the subject. "Tell me what you think of this," and he took a sketch from his portfolio and handed it to her. It was the head of a girl. Her dark hair was swept back over a white forehead in loose waves. The face had a kind of transparent paleness, out of which, under dark eyebrows fringed with dark lashes, a pair of blue eyes seemed to burn clearly, almost as though there was a light behind them. A long, white throat upheld the head, as a stalk upholds a white flower. In the corner under the sketch was scrawled, "O rare pale Margaret."

"Who is she?" demanded Sylvia.

"My cousin."

"Why do you call her that?" pointing to the words underneath.

"To tease her chiefly," Hal answered.

"She *is* pale, though," objected Sylvia.

"Yes, but do you think she's pretty?"

"Pretty! I don't know. I never thought about *girls* being pretty. *Birds* are pretty, and squirrels, and flowers."

"And girls, too, fortunately for us," laughed Hal, looking at her.

"Has *she* a soul?" inquired Sylvia suddenly.

"Yes; more soul than body, some people think."

"Do you like her?" was the next question, put anxiously while she looked straight at him.

"Jealousy—just the merest *soupeçon*! A most powerful agent," thought Hal, and the laughter suddenly died out of his eyes. "Yes, Sylvia," he replied quietly, gently taking the sketch from her hands and replacing it reverently in the portfolio.

"What is her name?" The question came from a distance, and Sylvia stood with her back towards him, ostentatiously holding out her hands to the spray of the waterfall.

"Margaret Rivers."

"Rivers!" Sylvia was back at his side in a moment, her eyes aglow with eagerness. "Why, Mrs. Rivers has asked me to stay with her, but I wouldn't go. Now I shall. But I shall *hate* that pale girl with a soul," she added in her characteristic tone, half defiant, half sulky. "I'm going

home," she announced, looking back over her shoulder for Hal to follow, which he did, entirely satisfied with the morning's work, though hardly a touch had been added to the picture.

V.

JUNE had slid into July, and Thornton and Merivale were still at the cottage. Mr. Maynard refused to hear of Carl's departure, and almost against his will he stayed, for, if he had spoken truly, the days did not go merrily for him. Mixed with the real affection he began to feel for his host was a considerable degree of impatience. Could he not see what was going on under his eyes every day? But it was plain that though he spoke of Sylvia's eighteen years she was still a child, still his "little daughter" to him, and against his placid security Carl felt powerless—and yet—

One moonlight evening late in July he was sitting alone in the porch, when he saw Sylvia come out of the house. He watched her as she bent down to pat and coax the big dogs straining at their chains in an ecstasy of joy at seeing her, and he heard her laugh as they sprang round her. Almost at the same moment she turned with a quick movement towards the forest; the moon shone full on her face, and Thornton saw her suddenly throw up her arms and burst into a passion of tears. The action was childish and yet infinitely pathetic. Carl in the darkness of the porch half rose with some vague notion of comforting her, while he muttered something between his teeth; but in a second almost she was smiling again, while the tears still glistened on her cheeks.

Next morning Sylvia waited long and impatiently for Merivale. She saw him at last coming out of the library followed by Carl, to whom he turned as they reached the door and said a few words. The air of frank gaiety he usually wore had dropped from his face like a mask, leaving a very different expression in its place. "I leave to-morrow, as I've just been telling Mr. Maynard," he said, in a tone of sullen anger; "so you've rather wasted the penny-tract business, Thornton. Keep it till you find an appreciative audience."

"Coming, Sylvia!" he added in gay tones.

"And I'm a fool for my pains," was Carl's candid self-criticism. "I might have known there couldn't be much more of it. Why, it's lasted a month!"

VI.

It happened that Thornton and Meri-

vale came to town about the same time that autumn. Merivale went home, and Thornton (who had been staying on at the Hermitage) to his sister's house.

Two years before, he and Margaret Rivers, Hal's cousin, had seen a great deal of one another, with the result that, when Carl left London rather suddenly in the very height of the season, the world was henceforward a different and a considerably sadder place to both of them. But that was an old story; and that anything of this kind had ever happened would never have been guessed by either of these two very self-possessed people of the other, or, indeed, by the world (as it is called) at large. They met again this October as a natural thing, for Mrs. Maitland, Carl's sister, was a constant visitor at Vivian Square, and they met, of course, with irreproachable composure on either side.

At this time Margaret was deeply though silently troubled about Sylvia, who had now been with them some two months. At first sight she had felt strangely drawn to the child, and the feeling she grew to have for her was one of great tenderness mingled with a kind of sadness. There was something so pathetic about her, even when she was merriest — chiefly when she was merriest, perhaps. Lately Margaret had felt this more strongly and she instinctively knew that Thornton was also not insensible to it.

"It hurts me to take her out with me," she said to Carl one day. "It is almost like setting some poor little wild thing free in the midst of a crowd. She has just that hunted look in her eyes. I cannot think why she *will* stay."

Carl knew, but said nothing, and soon Margaret knew also. She had gone into Sylvia's room one night, and found her wrapped in a white dressing-gown sitting before the glass, her hair falling in a shower round her shoulders, her eyes like two stars. Almost before the door was closed she began without any preface, "Margaret, has any man ever kissed you?"

Margaret opened her blue eyes wide and laughed a little. "No, Sylvia," she said.

Sylvia looked surprised, and a little superior. "Oh," she said, "I should have thought they would. But suppose one did?" she persisted.

"I can't suppose it," answered Margaret lightly, half laughing, and coloring at the same time; "unless —"

"Unless what?"

"Unless of course he loved me, and we were going to be married," she said hurriedly.

"And is that what a man means if he kisses you?"

"That's what any man who kissed *me* would mean."

"Then Hal Merivale is going to marry *me*," stated Sylvia quietly, her hands folded in her lap, her great eyes blazing with excitement, as she fixed them on Margaret.

She had never before mentioned Merivale's name, whereat Margaret had sometimes secretly wondered; but that morning Mrs. Rivers had announced the news that he was in town, and intended to remain at home and set up a studio. "Surely, surely Hal could never have been so base!" was Margaret's thought after her first start of surprise. "Tell me, Sylvia, does your father know of this?" she asked anxiously.

"No," returned Sylvia sulkily. Then, after a second, "Father thinks I am a little girl," she said resentfully, drawing herself up with dignity.

Before Margaret left her she knew enough about a recent episode in her cousin's life to make her face and her heart full of bitterness. "To think that I once *liked* Hal Merivale," she thought, while her lip curled; but now, "*How* am I going to undeceive and comfort that poor child?" was her despairing question.

VII.

HAL MERIVALE had come to town that autumn in an earnest mood. His picture was finished, and never before had he felt so well satisfied with any of his work. It had been praised, too, by good critics. They had seemed surprised while they praised it, and Hal himself was surprised at feeling the stir of new possibilities within him. Despite his lightness and buoyancy, Hal was ambitious. He had a great deal in his favor — money, position, friends — what was there to prevent him from becoming famous? With these reflections, his cousin, Margaret Rivers, had lately occupied a great deal of his mind. He had always admired her. She was the kind of woman a rising man ought to have for his wife. The two years which had passed since he last saw her had added to her beauty, he thought, and the very coldness in her manner piqued him and increased his admiration. The first evening he saw the two girls together he was delighted with the contrast between

them. Sylvia was wildly gay and mischievous. In the new train of ideas which he had lately been following he had almost forgotten that Sylvia would be in London; but it was of course charming to see her again. Afterwards when he met her, he remarked more than once how he had always said her prettiness depended chiefly on the setting. "London doesn't suit you, Sylvia," he said to her once. "When are you going to summon your woodland subjects to take their queen home in triumph?"

One day when Carl Thornton had come to call on Mrs. Rivers, he found her ready to go out. "Margaret and I are going to Hal's studio to see his picture," she explained. "Will you come, too?"

The two men had avoided one another by tacit consent since their parting at the Hermitage, but Carl could not well refuse, and after all Merivale was out.

Margaret and he remained standing before the picture, while Mrs. Rivers was examining some old china at a little distance. "How he could have had the heart to paint it!" thought Margaret. Aloud she said, "It's a ridiculous fancy of course, for he has caught her laughing look to perfection; but I think it's the saddest picture I have ever seen."

"Yes," replied Thornton, in an unmoved sort of way. "That's its cleverness, I suppose. Merivale has succeeded admirably."

Some few days afterwards Margaret had arranged to spend a day with friends in the country. She started quite early in the morning, with a feeling of positive relief. "I am getting morbid about Sylvia," she thought on the journey. "If she would only be tiresome as she was at first. But those great brown wistful eyes, — I cannot bear to see them!"

It was late when she returned, and she thought that the maid who opened the door for her looked at her curiously. "Miss Maynard?" she began involuntarily. "She's gone, miss; she went out early this morning. Mistress has been out all day too, you know, but of course she thought Miss Maynard had only gone for a walk, but —"

Margaret went straight up to Sylvia's room; dresses were lying on the bed, on the floor; Sylvia's trunk half packed stood in the middle of the room. Everything was in disorder. Margaret looked round breathlessly, and then she caught sight of a letter lying on the dressing-table. She crossed the room and took it up. It was addressed to her, and it was open, and she

saw that it was from Hal Merivale. Then she understood.

Half an hour later a ring at the bell roused her from a kind of stupor of unreasoning fear, and with a thrill of relief and gladness she heard Carl Thornton's voice in the hall. With the letter in her hand she went straight down-stairs to the drawing-room. Disjointed sentences of the letter she had just read seemed to be burning themselves into her mind.

"When we were interrupted last night, you began to speak of Sylvia. Poor little Sylvia! As a picture she is charming (I am quoting a remark I have heard several times lately), but do you think I could care for a woman who has no soul? You must have discovered by this time that the poor child is not quite — well, not quite like other people — one does not like to say anything unpleasant when speaking of Sylvia."

Without a moment's deliberation Margaret explained the whole matter to Thornton. It seemed perfectly natural that he should know this last thing, — he knew all the rest.

"But this letter was addressed to *you*," he said, looking puzzled.

"Yes; but Sylvia opened it you see, and read it."

"Opened a letter addressed to *you*!" he repeated.

"Oh," she cried, with a kind of impatience, "I thought you knew Sylvia better. Don't you see that she is morally irresponsible? She never does, or leaves undone, anything because it is right or wrong. She does not know what *is* right or wrong. She will do anything to please any one she is fond of; *that* she understands; but what is abstract right to her? It is unintelligible! She knew Hal's writing, and she opened the letter to see what he said to me. Any child would have done the same kind of thing before it had been expressly forbidden," she cried, her eyes full of tears.

"Do not be so distressed," he began gently, "we must telegraph to Llwyn-y-bryn, but I believe we shall hear. Ah! here is a telegram."

Margaret rushed to take it and tore open the yellow envelope, then she gave it to him. "Sylvia just arrived. Letter follows," was the message.

"Oh, how thankful I am!" she half sobbed, leaning on the rail at the bottom of the stairs and trembling from head to foot now that the strain of a great unformed dread was removed. Carl made a

sudden movement towards her, but Margaret had heard the sound of carriage wheels, and in an instant was calm again as she opened the door for her mother.

VIII.

TWO days later, in the afternoon, Merivale called at Vivian Place to see Margaret. There was no lamp in the room into which he was shown, and when she came in it was almost too dark to see her face, but Hal plunged into the midst of things at once with characteristic impetuosity.

"You didn't answer my letter, Margaret," he began, "so I have come myself to hear my fate. Margaret," he went on with rising anger in his tone, as she did not speak, "you are never going to be so unjust as to let a ridiculous fancy about that little, half-witted —"

"Stop!" cried Margaret, and he hardly knew her voice, "wait a minute! You may be sorry to have said anything, — unpleasant. Sylvia is dead."

She saw him turn white in the gathering dusk. "Dead!" he repeated hoarsely. "What do you mean? She is here."

"No; she went home. She read your letter to me, and then she went home. Mr. Thornton was telegraphed for," she went on, in the same hard, mechanical voice which never faltered, "and they had brought her home. She had been to the Torrent Walk late in the evening, and she must have — slipped on the stones and fallen into the water. There is a deep pool, Mr. Thornton says — and she was there. I dare say you know the spot."

Hal shuddered.

"This was found near the waterfall. Mr. Thornton sent it to me, but I see it is yours; perhaps you had better have it."

She held out a book to him. He took it tremblingly, and looked at it in a dazed, bewildered way. It was a copy of "Undine." There was a leaf turned down at the place where Undine says to her husband, "I thank thee for my soul." Neither of them spoke. Hal sat as if turned to stone.

"Poor little Sylvia," whispered Margaret at last. "I wonder if she has found her soul now! If she has she owes it to you, Hal. No wonder she is grateful."

When Hal raised his head the room was empty.

Carl had been summoned by old Mr. Maynard. "You said, if ever you could help me, my boy," said the old man brokenly when he came.

Then followed terrible days. Carl felt

that he could not bear to see the old man's furtive glance at him, full of dread, yet questioning, whenever he spoke of the "accident." The outspokenness of Sylvia's old nurse was, he felt, a relief. "There's them that'll have to answer to God for this child's life, sir," she said solemnly. "Hadt' she a heart, because she wasn't —" She did not complete the sentence, but there was no need.

For the rest of his life Carl will remember how the glen looked the day before he returned to London. He felt he must see it once again. It was a grey November day. The stream was swollen with rains, and rushed with a hoarse, complaining voice over the rocks. The familiar dash of the waterfall sounded inexpressibly dreary in the gathering twilight. A wind was rising, and swept moaning through the naked boughs. Every now and then a few yellow leaves whirled eddying down from the bare woods above. As he stood there, a shower of dead leaves fell suddenly on the flat stone where a few months ago Sylvia had sat under green boughs for her picture.

Thornton turned hurriedly and walked away. When everything was over he went straight back to Margaret.

As she came into the room he looked at her sad eyes, and then went to her and took both her hands. "I do not ask you to forgive me for coming now, Margaret," he said, "because you know — Two years ago I made a great mistake. I thought it was Merivale then. I have suffered for it ever since. Am I to go on suffering?"

Margaret looked at him, and in her eyes he read an unspoken question. "Never!" he said. "Let us have no more mistakes, Margaret, never in that way, — though I would have given years of my life," his voice trembled, "to have saved the poor child from herself. Then is it, yes?" he whispered, with his arms round her.

"Yes," said Margaret with a long, quivering sigh. Suddenly she broke into a storm of sobs. "Sylvia! my poor little Sylvia!" she cried. "How wicked it is of me to be so happy when you are out there in the cold!"

They persuaded old Mr. Maynard to make his home with them when they were married, and the poor, broken-hearted old man came to them. He spent much time over his books, and was gentle and courtly as of old, but the first time they saw him smile was when Margaret put her baby in

his arms. "We want to call her Sylvia," she said softly, as he stroked the baby's little brown head delicately, "but —" she hesitated.

"Yes, my dear," he answered, and his eyes filled with tears; "yes, I should like it."

From The Nineteenth Century.
A DESCRIPTION OF MANIPUR.

It is scarcely two months since all India and England were startled by the news of a great disaster in Manipur, and the cry instantly arose, "Where is Manipur?" most people in India being quite as ignorant of its whereabouts as the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, the general idea being, among those who had heard of it at all, that it was in some way connected with the game of polo. Yet Manipur is a country with many features of great interest, it contains scenery of surpassing beauty, every variety of climate from an almost tropical one to one colder than that of England, finally it is the home of an intelligent race of people quite distinct from any other Indian one, and with a history and civilization of its own well worth a little study. The valley of Manipur, the heart of the country and the only part where the pure Manipuris live, is an open plain six hundred and fifty square miles in extent, and of irregular shape, its extreme length from north to south being, perhaps, thirty-five miles, and its breadth from east to west twenty-five. With exception of the villages, which are well planted, and a few sacred groves here and there left for the benefit of the sylvan gods, the country is devoid of timber. The capital, called Imphal, is a large mass of villages and from the neighboring heights presents the appearance of a forest; it covers a space of about fifteen square miles. Every house in the capital is in its own well-planted garden, hence the large space covered; the population at the census of 1881 showed it to contain sixty thousand inhabitants; the remainder of the valley had another sixty thousand; while the hill-tracts accounted for one hundred thousand — making in all a population of two hundred and twenty thousand, the extent of the little state, hill and plain together, being eight thousand square miles, or a little larger than Wales.

The valley itself is two thousand six hundred feet above the sea-level and is completely surrounded by hills of an aver-

age height of two thousand five hundred feet above it; the sides of the hills facing towards the valley are generally grassy slopes or at most covered with scrub jungle, but as soon as the crest is passed a fine forest is reached, except where the hill-tribes have ruthlessly destroyed it to raise one crop and then let it relapse into grass or scrub. But we must briefly describe the situation, and say that the valley of Manipur is east of Cachar and west of the Kubo Valley, thus being the centre of the chain of valleys connecting India and Upper Burmah; the capital is almost intersected by the 25th parallel north latitude, and 95th east longitude. Its distance by road east of Silchar, capital of Cachar, is one hundred and thirty-two miles, the excellent bridle-path, constructed at the cost of the British government by Captain Guthrie in 1837-43, connecting the two places, winding its way over hills and dales, now rising to a height of five thousand two hundred feet, now descending a deep ravine at the bottom of which rushes a raging torrent at a level of three hundred feet above the sea; in all it crosses eight ranges of hills and five rivers, the latter being made passable by means of admirably constructed bamboo pontoon bridges in the dry season and airy cane suspension bridges in the rainy season. Of late years these suspension bridges have been strengthened by wire. The hills on the way to Cachar are inhabited by a tribe of so-called Nagas, whose tribal name is Koupooee; they used to be extremely numerous, but of late years small-pox and emigration to the tea-gardens of Cachar have sadly thinned their numbers, and the work of the road and bridges falls heavily on them. There are, or used to be, rude huts as rest-houses for the political agent at intervals along the road, many of them in lovely and romantic situations, and, but for the inevitable toils of the march, a more beautiful line of country along which to travel could hardly be imagined. Travellers with strength and energy walk or at most ride up to Manipur; but, for those who are delicate or lazy, the Manipuris have devised an uncomfortable kind of litter called a *dulai*, in which the occupant sits, and the hill-people have learned to carry it.

One hundred miles to the north of Manipur is the British station of Kohima, the seat of government in the Naga Hills, and twenty miles from Mao on the Manipur frontier. The road as far as Mao was cut by the Manipur Durbar in January, 1881, the line being laid out at a cart gradient

(never steeper than one in twenty), and along this it is possible to gallop the whole distance. The road runs chiefly along upland valleys with magnificent scenery, hills rising to over nine thousand feet on one side; often the road runs through oak forests; often along a cliff overhanging a river, the steep sides of which are covered in spring with wild azaleas and other flowering trees; now it goes over a grassy plain covered with strange bee-hive shaped cairns, the work of a race passed and gone, whose only trace these are; suddenly, as if divided by a line, the cairns cease, and the road enters a country with huge monoliths scattered here and there in forest and on plains; these monoliths continue till the British Naga Hills district is reached.

One other road connects Manipur with British territory, namely that to Tamu, just across the frontier in Upper Burmah; for more than thirty miles it runs along the open plain; at three and a half miles it passes Langthabal, where our old cantonment and an old Manipuri capital lie close together at the foot of a hill; at six miles, at a place called Leelong, it crosses a stream. This is where the last execution of members of the royal family took place, two princes being, according to the custom which prevented their blood being shed, fastened up in baskets and drowned. At thirteen miles we pass Thobal, rendered memorable by the gallant Grant's spirited defence; eleven miles further on we come to the scene of the last stand made by the Manipuris when they opposed General Graham's column on the 25th of April last. This is the same place where the Manipuris made their last stand against the invading Burmese in 1819, the entrenchments were probably the old ones, and it is probably tradition that made them select this place. Shortly after leaving Pallel, thirty miles from the capital, the road ascends the Yoma hills, and after passing the highest point near Aimole, runs down to Tamu, a distance of seventy miles in all from Manipur. Part of it having been constructed since I left, I do not attempt its description; suffice it to say that it runs through a pretty country, but not one possessing the same features of extreme loveliness that are found along the routes to Cachar and the Naga Hills. These three roads are the main outlets connecting Manipur with the outer world. Those to Burmah and Cachar are trade routes of great antiquity, and it is probably along them that the wave of Aryan invasion poured from India into Burmah in

prehistoric times. The present route to the Naga Hills and Assam is new, but there was a connection between Manipur and the last-named country in former days, but the exact way it followed cannot be certainly determined. To the south of the valley there must have been an outlet in former days, as traditions exist regarding it; but for many years past the fierce Kuki tribes have blocked it, and it is for our survey officers to enlighten us regarding it. Situated there in the middle of hills, and possessing no means of cheap carriage, Manipur is singularly cut off from the outer world. This has tended to make the people clannish, insular (if I may use the term) in their prejudices, and self-reliant. The soil of the valley is marvellously fertile, and the policy of its rulers has always been to prevent the exportation of rice for fear of creating scarcity, the argument being that, though great dearness in the Naga Hills may make it pay to import from Manipur, Manipur has neither money nor means to import from Cachar or Burmah in case of famine.

It has been said that the pure Manipuris only live in the valley; the hills are, however, inhabited by various races known as Nagas, Chins, Kukis, Sooktees, Looshais, etc. Probably most of these races have some affinity the one to the other; the last four are obviously connected, as their languages are mutually intelligible, and under the head of Kuki many tribes are comprised. The different Naga tribes are all north of a line drawn through the centre of the valley and prolonged east and west, while the others are to the south; though probably distantly connected, the Nagas are certainly more distinct from the tribes to the south than any of the latter are one from the other.

The Manipuris are of doubtful origin. They are probably descended from some powerful tribe of Indo-Chinese origin, with some admixture of Aryan blood, drawn from the wave on its way through Manipur. Since then, and up to the early part of the last century, they have constantly mixed with the different tribes surrounding them. For the last one hundred and eighty years they have been more select, but the process still goes on to a limited extent. Anyhow, Manipur has existed as a separate kingdom for over a thousand years, much respected by its neighbors, occasionally under spirited rulers carrying its victorious arms far into Burmah. Early in the last century the rajahs took a new departure, and though they still retained, as they do to this day, many Naga cere-

monies, they cease to intermarry with that people. Yet, even now, a rajah is not thought to be duly installed until he and his wife have gone through a quaint ceremony, clad in Naga costume; his official house is built on the pattern of a Naga hut, and a man armed with a Naga spear and shield always accompanies him on a State visit.

At last, early in the eighteenth century, Hindoo missionaries appeared, and in the reign of the great Pam Heiba, one hundred and thirty years ago, Hindooism became the fashion and conversions common, though theoretically a man cannot be made a Hindoo, but must be born one. The process is even now going on among the hill-tribes, as it does all along the frontier of Assam, much to their detriment as regards courage and honesty. Generally speaking, the Manipuris may be described as a well-made, robust race, of middle height, light brown, yellowish complexions, with straight, black hair, and rather Mongolian-like eyes. They are active, energetic, and abstemious; very patient, cheerful, and enduring under great hardships; capable of fighting when well disciplined, and led by men they trust, but not naturally courageous. They have the Japanese talent for rapidly acquiring new arts, and make first-rate and intelligent workmen. They are far more industrious and energetic than any of the tribes surrounding them; the women are famous as weavers, and conduct the retail trade of the country. The first record of any dealings between the British government and that of Manipur is of a treaty made in 1762; this, however, led to nothing, and our real relations commenced in 1823. We must, however, go back a little. In the latter half of the last century the Burmese were a rapidly rising power; the great Alompra gave them the impetus that a single great man has so often been known to do in the East, where the man and the nation seem to rise suddenly from the earth, glow like a flame with exceeding brightness for a time, only to die down rapidly and become suddenly extinguished, as the man whose mind gave the impetus relaxes his grasp on the helm of state. Burmah rose to a great height of strength and prosperity within a few years, and by the end of the century had subdued Arracan, Pegu, the great Shan kingdom of Pong, and some of the smaller Shan States, and even threatened Bengal. During the early years of the present century she was a constant menace to us. In 1817 her generals invaded Assam, and, in 1819,

Manipur. Only those who have talked with old people who actually remember the Burmese invasion of either of these countries can realize what it was. Here we have no concern with Assam, suffice it to say that Manipur was devastated. Before the invasion the valley is said to have contained a population of six hundred and fifty thousand, the eaves of the houses in the capital are said to have touched. The amazing fertility of the soil makes it quite possible that it did support such a population, certainly it seems likely that it contained four hundred thousand. It had, too, a famous herd of ponies, on which its celebrated cavalry was mounted, and its cattle were known as superior to any in the neighboring countries. What did the Burmese do? Let us answer by saying that when they were driven out of the valley only two thousand inhabitants were left, the remainder had been scattered abroad and were fugitives in Cachar, Sylhet, and Chittagong, and the neighboring hill-tracts, while large numbers had been driven off as slaves to Burmah, where their descendants still remain. Not a pony, not a cow remained in the valley—all was desolation. From Manipur the Burmese invaded Cachar, and from thence threatened our frontier district of Sylhet, and from Assam they threatened Goalpara.

On our eastern frontier we were ably represented by Mr. David Scott of the Civil Service, who held the office of agent to the governor-general, and by his advice troops were moved up to defend our frontier. Marjeet, the ex-rajah of Manipur, was, with his brothers Chourjeet and Ghumbeer Singh, a fugitive; he was not an able man, but only notorious for his cruelties. Chourjeet was not remarkable for his ability, but less cruel. Ghumbeer Singh was able and ambitious, and he one day presented himself before Mr. Scott and offered to raise a corps of Manipuris in his service; the offer was accepted, and a corps of five hundred men was speedily raised. This was in 1823. In 1824 we declared war with Burmah, and decided to make a movement forward into Cachar and, Ghumbeer Singh's troops proving useful, they were increased to two thousand, armed, and paid by us, and two officers, Captain Grant and Lieutenant R. B. Pemberton, appointed to drill them. These troops advanced into Manipur in 1825, driving all the Burmese before them, and at the conclusion of the war Ghumbeer Singh was recognized as rajah of Manipur, which was made a protected State. Ghum

beer Singh proved an energetic ruler, and we gave him help from time to time. Cattle and ponies were imported, and, though we could not restore the famous breed, some fairly good stock were raised; some of the exiled inhabitants returned, and an effort was made to reduce the neighboring hill-tribes to order, they having taken advantage of the anarchy to assert their independence.

Ghumbeer died in 1834 (January 9th), leaving a son, Chandra Kirtee Singh, two years old; a cousin, Nur Singh by name, took upon himself the office of regent, and governed the State most faithfully in the child's name. In 1844, however, the dowager ranee, wanting to get the power into her own hands, plotted to murder the regent; the attempt failed and she fled to Cachar with her son. Nur Singh was then proclaimed rajah, and ruled till his death in 1850, when his brother Debindro succeeded. In 1851 the young Chandra Kirtee Singh invaded the country from Cachar, claiming the throne as his rightful heritage. There is an old saying, that if a pretender can reach Lum-Lang-Tong on the border of the valley he will succeed; he reached the auspicious spot, marched on the capital, and Debindro fled. Chandra Kirtee Singh was acknowledged by acclamation. Up to this time the British government always acknowledged the rajah *de facto*; now it made a new departure, and in 1851 declared that it recognized the succession only in the family of Chandra Kirtee Singh. Chandra Kirtee Singh had a long and successful reign. In 1879 he gave great assistance to government and materially aided in the relief of the beleaguered garrison of Kohima during the revolt in the Naga Hills, for which he was made a K.C.S.I.; and in 1885-6 he aided in the rescue of the British subjects left in the province of Kendat in the Chindwin at the outbreak of the Burmese War. He died in 1886, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Soor Chandra Singh, who had already been recognized as his successor by the British government. Soor Chandra Singh was deposed by his two brothers Kula Chandra Singh and Tekendrajit, alias Koireng, in last September; these two princes are the infamous rajah and joobraj or senaputty of recent events.

The government of Manipur has always been a pure despotism, tempered by assassination and revolution. While he occupies the throne the rajah is perfectly absolute. A minister may be all powerful, and all the princes and people may tremble before him; for years he may practi-

cally rule the rajah; but he is, after all, a cipher before the latter, a single word from whom may send him into exile, make him an outcast, or reduce him to the level of the lowest rank. Yet with all this power, an obscure man may suddenly spring up as if from the ground, assert himself to be of the blood royal, and, gathering a large party round him, place himself on the throne. All this happened, and not unfrequently, in days gone by, when many were the rajahs murdered or deposed. History tells of rajahs being deposed, re-elected, and deposed again. The succession, too, is of an irregular kind; according to Manipuri custom, a rajah's brothers have a right to succeed before his sons. For instance, the rajah may have four brothers and four sons; each brother had a right to succeed in turn, and when the last died *his* sons succeeded in turn, and not the sons of the former rajah. This system naturally led to bloodshed, and in former times, to avoid it, a rajah on his accession usually put all his male relations to death, if he could catch them. Ghumbeer Singh was as an infant taken off to the great Logtak Lake to be drowned, and was only saved by the devotion of a faithful adherent, uncle of the late powerful minister Thaugal, who, in turn, went into exile with Ghumbeer's son Chandra Kirtee Singh (who died in 1886), and protected him in his infancy.

Under the rajah are great ministers of state in control of different departments, but a man's importance is always in proportion to the influence he can exercise on the rajah and quite irrespective of his rank. The rajahs are generally accessible to any respectable man, and hold informal receptions several times a day, when the ministers are present. There are several law courts, where cases are decided, not on their own merits, but by favor, even-handed justice being rare in civil cases, though more common in criminal ones. All the law courts and government offices are within the rajah's palace-fort, a huge enclosure containing much of interest but little of beauty in the way of buildings. The revenue system of the country is simple, every man giving ten days' labor to the rajah out of every forty; in return for this each one has an assignment of land which he may cultivate or let to some one else, as he pleases; he also pays a small contribution of rice to the rajah. This system of payment in labor is called "lalloop," and a similar system existed in Assam before its annexation by us. At first sight it does not

sound well to English ears, especially when called forced labor; but it works well, and is not unpopular. Every man has a great deal of spare time on his hands, and it is a distinct advantage to the country to have that labor expended in making roads and irrigation canals, as has been done in Manipur, rather than to let him waste his time in doing nothing, the isolated nature of the country giving him a ready sale for but a small portion of agricultural produce. As time goes on and trade increases it will be found more economical to raise a money revenue and do away with the system of "lalloop," but at present any change would be disastrous, and not at all popular. Besides these service dues and payments, a small money revenue of about one hundred thousand rupees (say 7,500*l.*) is brought in by transit duties, etc.,—just enough, in fact, to keep the country going. The assignments of land are in accordance with the rank of the holder, and a man of position often has enough to bring him in a fair income by letting it. The chief cultivation of the country is rice, for which the low valley lands are admirably suited; the soil, however, will grow almost anything, and wheat, tobacco, sugarcane, oil-seeds, and various kinds of pulse are raised. English vegetables thrive well, and peas are common in the markets. Pineapples and oranges grow to perfection, and plantains, of which there are many kinds, are plentiful, though few of the finer sorts have been introduced. Mangoes grow well, but the fruit is always filled with insects, as is the case in Assam, though the drier climate makes this somewhat unaccountable. It should have been stated that, owing to the height above the sea, Manipur is far cooler than the plains of Bengal or Burmah, while the surrounding hills draw away the clouds and reduce the rainfall to about an average of forty to forty-five inches—less than half what it is in the adjoining district of Cachar, or in the province of Assam to the north. It is strange that on descending into the Kubo Valley, only seven hundred feet above the sea, and hot and damp, good mangoes, free from insects, are to be found in plenty.

Viewed from the surrounding hills, the valley in the dry season presents the appearance of a bare, open plain with villages dotted here and there, and a few hills rising above the surface and running in lines down the valley, though often distant from one another. It is evident that the vast chasm, which the valley once was,

was gradually filled up with alluvium brought down by the rivers whose outlet was raised high above its former level by an earthquake. For ages what is now the valley must have been a vast lake, which was gradually filled up with the earthy deposits of the rivers running through it, as a few isolated peaks, the highest points of low ranges that divided the original chasm, once appeared as islands above the surface of the great lake, so now they appear above the surface of the alluvium, all forming part of a well-connected system. So, too, a few peaks still appear above the surface of the Logtak Lake, situated at the south-west end of the valley, the comparatively small remains of the noble sheet of water that once covered the whole. In the rainy season the valley has much the appearance of a marsh; at such a time the effects by moonlight are often very striking. Many of the village sites have an appearance of great antiquity, the old embankments and raised platforms of earth with the noble old trees all contributing to this; they also have an appearance of great comfort to those who are content to judge from an Asiatic standpoint. The cattle that were imported to take the place of those destroyed and driven off by the Burmese have improved since they came to Manipur, and nowhere can tame buffaloes with finer horns be seen. In the cold season the neighborhood of a Manipuri village is a pretty sight, especially in early December; the golden grain is then falling before the sickle, the sun bright, the air clear, the temperature perfect; here and there picturesquely clad groups of women and girls are to be seen reaping, while their stalwart male relations are carrying home the heavy sheaves. Close by may be seen the threshing-floor and patient, slow-going oxen moving round in a never-ending circle, treading out the grain; further on is a stack of straw which will be made into a bonfire after harvest home!

Ah, happy days, too happy to endure.

Where all this peace and plenty was, there has been war and tumult, and hostile armies tread the once happy valley. Maharajah Chandra Kirtee Singh, who died in 1886, and his uncle Chourjeet, had both a great taste for road-making, and owing to this Manipur is, for a native state, well supplied with means of communication, and in the cold weather every village is easily accessible; even in the rainy season all can be reached without much trouble. The rivers are, as a rule, narrow and deep, and, owing to the alluvial nature of the

soil through which they pass, very muddy. There is a tradition that after leaving the valley far away to the south, the one stream into which all others converge leaps over the obstacle which blocks the old outlet, and falls with a deafening sound into an abyss below, sending up a column of spray which darkens the air. This place is called the Ching-dunhoot, and it will be interesting to see if our survey parties confirm the traditional description of it. It has been said that, except in the villages and sacred groves, there is no timber in the valley; but a word or two must be said about that in the hills. To the south of the valley there are extensive fir forests, to the east and north oak is plentiful, to the west oak is seen in fair quantities, together with other trees for which there is no English name—among them a tree called by the Manipuris "wang," which can be cut up and used directly it is felled, without seasoning, as it neither warps nor shrinks. To the north-east there are extensive fir forests; these, so far as I have noticed, generally end abruptly at a line drawn along the hillside, fifty-eight hundred feet above the sea, on hills facing west, but when facing east they grow at a height of sixty-four hundred feet; the difference is probably owing to greater moisture on the eastern slopes; the hills run north and south.

Among the same hills the eye is often gladdened by large clumps of rhododendrons, chiefly crimson, the trees growing to a height of twenty and thirty feet; rhododendrons may be seen at a level of four thousand feet above the sea, and from that up to seventy-five hundred feet they are in flower in February, March, and April, according to situation. The scenery among these forest-clad hills is lovely and romantic; the hill people cut good paths, though regardless of gradients, and one may spend many a happy hour walking under tall trees clothed with moss two feet in length, with a precipice on one side and a lovely view perhaps of a snowy peak in the distance. In such expeditions a better companion than a Manipuri cannot easily be found, cheerful and helpful under all circumstances, always ready to climb a tree or descend a precipitous path to gather a rare flower, and at the end of a long march, regardless of fatigue, to build a hut or improvise rude furniture. The hills to the north afford edible roots of the yam tribe in abundance; to the south they are wanting; everywhere, if not at too great a height, the useful bamboo is occasionally found, often so large

that a couple of joints of it make an admirable bucket. The dry bamboo is a welcome addition to the camp-fire, and, cut in thin strips, makes excellent torches when a night march is a matter of necessity. Here and there at low elevations wild mango-trees are found, the unripe fruit, before it has been filled with insects, being useful as a condiment for the people to eat with their rice. Gorgeous orchids of many colors are common in the forests of Manipur.

Before leaving the forest a word must be said about the wild animals. To begin with the largest: elephants are still pretty numerous in the Jeeree forests on the Cachar frontier, and it is from thence that the rajah supplies his wants in that line. He generally has a stud of from ten to twenty elephants, and has a "khedda" (*lit.* drive; conventionally, elephant-catching expedition) when his stock falls short, all but the best among the new captures being sold. In the remainder of the hill-tracts of Manipur elephants are scarce, the hill-tribes, especially the Kukis, those scourges to wild animals and forests, having greatly thinned their numbers. Rhinoceroses are said to exist to the south of the valley; and probably do, but in small numbers. The same may be said of bison; buffaloes there are, too, but they also are scarce. Sambur or elk are still to be found in the hills, but red deer I have never seen. Fallow deer are common. The great swamp deer, called in Manipuri "sungai," is common too, and peculiar to Manipur and Burmah, and is found in the grass jungles near the Logtak Lake; it is about the size of the sambur, but has very peculiar horns. Tigers and bears are still plentiful. The jackal is unknown. Tigers used to be so numerous that the inhabitants were formed into groups for the purpose of marking them down and destroying them. This organization still exists. The groups are called kai-roop, and it is the duty of the chief of the kai-roop of the district to report to the rajah whenever a tiger appears within his jurisdiction; the order is then given to surround him; this is done by surrounding the patch of jungle in which he has hidden, after killing a cow or deer, with strong nets. Outside these a tall bamboo palisading is erected, and information is sent to the rajah, who, if the place is within easy distance, proceeds there with all his court, ladies included. The spectators are ranged on seats at intervals at the top of the palisading, and the tiger is driven by fire brands from his retreat and either

shot or speared. The Manipuris are very keen at this sport, and I have seen them, despite a prohibition to the contrary, descend into the arena (perhaps a space of three hundred yards or even more in circumference) and, protected only by the net held up by a forked stick in the left hand, boldly attack the tiger with a spear. Generally the real sport is shown with the spear, and the *coup de grâce* given by a rifle shot. Anyhow, the men engaged display great courage and coolness, and the whole affair is not a vulgar piece of butchery but a game of skill, till a well-directed shot ends it.

The birds of Manipur resemble those of the adjoining provinces with few exceptions; one remarkable one is a handsome pheasant, called in Manipuri, "loee-ning-koe," discovered by Mr. A. O. Hume, C.B., the great Indian ornithologist, in 1881.

Beautiful as the forest scenery of Manipur is, it is time that something is said about the capital, Imphal, and of its inhabitants. It has been said that it covers a space of about fifteen square miles, and a slight description will not be amiss. On the north side it touches on some low hills, called Ching-mai-roong, and running westward is bounded by a shallow lake called Lumpel, which is partly enclosed by a continuance of the hills, here called Langol (on which grows a celebrated cane used for polo sticks); then running south it is intersected by several roads, notably the road to Silchar which enters the capital at a place called Kooak-Kaithél (*i.e.*, Crow Bazaar) — here it is bounded by rice cultivation. Going further south and sweeping round in an easterly direction, it is bounded by the plain of Langthabal, at one extremity of which lies the old capital — here two rivers intersect it; and going further east it is bounded by the lower slopes of Nong-mai-Ching, a fine hill rising twenty-five hundred feet above the valley; turning to the northward and crossing two rivers we come again to the place from which we started. The want of the town is a really good water-supply; there are one or two good sized tanks, or ponds as they would be called in England, and the aforementioned rivers, the water of which is not improved by receiving the ashes of the dead burned on their banks; beyond this, all the water obtainable is derived from small tanks, one or more of which are to be found in every garden enclosure. The ground on which the capital stands must have at one time been very low, probably a marsh, and it has been artificially

raised from time to time by digging these tanks; every raised road, too, means a deep, stagnant ditch on either side. The people are not sanitary in their habits, and when heavy rain falls the gardens are flooded and a fair share of the accumulated filth is washed into the drinking tanks, the result being frequent epidemics of cholera, constantly increasing in severity. The capital is well supplied with roads, many of which are bordered by fine old trees. The great event of the day is the evening market, held in many different places, the central one being the great Sena Kaithél or Golden Bazaar, held opposite the main entrance of the palace. As the shadows lengthen in the afternoon the roads are covered with crowds of people, men in spotlessly white garments and women in every variety of gay attire and resplendent with brilliantly colored petticoats. Women are the shopkeepers of the place, and they may be seen tramping with their goods on their heads and babies on hip or tied on the back.

Rotten fish is a favorite food here as in Burmah, and very dreadful is the odor of it as it is carried by; but at the evening market every imaginable article is taken for sale. There may be seen English piece goods, broadcloths, brass-ware, iron-ware, vegetables, rice, etc., and, perhaps most interesting of all, the tribal cloths of the hill-tribes surrounding the valley. Many of these cloths are extremely picturesque and beautiful; the Manipuri women are rare workers at the loom and by their industry have killed out the native cloth trade in many parts of the hills, the inhabitants of which now come to Manipur to supply themselves with their own tribal patterns. Manchester has done the same by India; and, though India gets cheaper goods, it loses in quality, the imported calicoes not being equal to the old ones of native make. In a much smaller degree this holds good in Manipur; the Manipur women give good material, free from sizing, but their work is not so strong and fit for hard wear as the cloths formerly made by the hill-tribes themselves used to be. Certain blind and lame men regularly frequent the bazaars, and the poor saleswomen give them a handful of rice as they pass or some small thing. All the shops are in the open air, there are raised mounds for people to sit on, but roofs are not allowed. At the gate of the palace proclamations are read out and posted up. Here, too, offenders are flogged, this kind of punishment being inflicted with the very utmost severity; women also con-

victed of heinous crimes are here exposed on a high platform, stripped to the waist, round which a rope is tied and held by a guard, and her breasts painted red; a crier with stentorian voice proclaims her crime and adds, "Come and look at this naughty woman!" This punishment is inflicted in lieu of death or regular imprisonment, the Manipuris holding to the strict letter of Hindoo law, which forbids the execution of a woman. For great offences a woman is sentenced to be so proclaimed in every bazaar of the country. The bazaars of the capital are supplied with necessities of life purchased by the industrious sellers at markets held in the early morning, often many miles from the capital.

Close to the bazaar is the public polo-ground, on which, almost every day in the week, fine playing is to be seen, but especially on Sundays, when all the best players in the capital, including the princes, play. It is a fine sight, and the play magnificent. On one side of the ground is a grand stand for the rajah, and at one end there used to be one for the political agent. The polo-ground is also sometimes used for religious ceremonies or as a parade-ground for troops; a broad road runs at one end from the palace gate to a brick bridge which crosses the river and connects it with the road to Cachar. Polo is the national game of Manipur for all who can manage to get a mount, and hockey on foot for those who cannot. In the evening almost every bit of turf in the town is enlivened by a group of little boys playing most vigorously. Wrestling also is a favorite amusement, and one in which the Manipuris excel. I have seen a Manipuri challenge a village of fine manly athletic Nagas to produce a champion to try a throw with him, but without any one coming forward.

The road runs at one end of the polo-ground, and at the other end is the residency enclosure; everything has, alas! been destroyed, but it may be interesting to describe it as it was. The first house was built in 1844 by Captain Gordon, the political agent, when the regent Nur Singh, after the attempt on his life above described, moved from the old capital to the present one, the agency establishment moving with him. This was really a return to an old site, the original capital that existed before the Burmese invasion having been where the present one stands. Captain Gordon built a small house which, at his death in December, 1844, was pulled down; his successor, lieutenant, after-

wards colonel, M'Culloch, built a large house one hundred yards to the rear of the building just destroyed; it was thrown down by an earthquake in January, 1869, and another built on its site. All the ground round was then enclosed by squalid villages and filthy tanks. A movement to clear these away was commenced in 1877, and gradually a space of about sixteen acres was cleared and fairly well levelled, and by the end of 1880 the late fine residency was finished and the old one pulled down, a rose-garden being planted on its site. The residency was a fine structure in the old-English half-timbered style, built on a foundation of solid brick walls seven feet in height, the lower portions forming rooms practically shot-proof. The building was about one hundred yards from the mud wall which surrounded the enclosure; in front, beyond it, was a ditch, then a road, then the moat and mud wall of the rajah's palace enclosure. The residency enclosure was well planted, had pretty gardens and lawns with apple, pear, apricot, and plum trees, also deodars which thrive wonderfully, and other rare exotics. It had a fine large square pond of excellent water, which, as they were strictly preserved, was in winter covered with hundreds of wild-fowl, geese, ducks, divers, etc. Round the enclosure was a pleasant riding-path for exercising ponies. In one corner were the lines of the escort, and government telegraph, post-office, etc. Much care and the labor of years had been expended on the place, and it was indeed a most delightful residence, the two drawbacks being its extreme isolation and the plague of mosquitos, the pest of Manipur for ten months in the year.

With the exception of the residency, no house, when I left Manipur, was built of brick, partly from fear of earthquakes, partly on account of expense. The ordinary houses of the people are huts with wattle-and-daub or mud walls; those of greater people the same, but a little larger. Every house has a verandah in front, with the main entrance leading from it and a little side door on the north side close to the west end, the houses almost invariably facing east. The roofs are all of thatch, with the exception of the rajah's, which was of corrugated iron. There are several temples, built of solid brick stuccoed over. One in the palace had an iron roof, another a gilded one. Most excellent models of these temples and several other buildings were sent to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886, every beam and rafter being represented and made strictly

according to scale. The larger of the two temples has bells of a very fine, deep tone. It should be added that some of the approaches to the rajah's dwelling-house were of brick; possibly since then many additions have been made. Formerly the palace enclosure was entered from the front by a quaint and picturesque old gateway, not beautiful, but highly characteristic and peculiar to Manipur; the old rajah, Chandra Kirtee Singh, substituted for it a tawdry and fantastic structure with corrugated iron roofs—a structure without any merit and quite out of keeping with its surroundings. I remonstrated, but in vain; shoddy and vulgar ideas have penetrated even to Manipur, and the picturesque old building that spoke of bygone ages was doomed. We who have destroyed so many fine old buildings have, at any rate, little right to criticise.

Close to the gateway is the place where the grand stand is erected, from which the rajah and his relations view the boat-races and the palace moat. I said "view," for in old age a rajah sits there all the time, but in the prime of life he takes part in these races, steering one of the boats himself. These boat-races generally take place in September, when the moat is full, and are the great festival of the year. Every one turns out to see them, the ranees and other female relations lining the opposite side of the moat—for in Manipur there is no veiling or concealment of women—while the side next to the road is thronged with spectators. The boatmen have a strange and handsome dress peculiar to the occasion, and the whole scene is highly interesting. The boats are canoes hewn out of single trees of great size, and are richly decorated with color and carving.

The Manipuris keep the usual Hindoo festivals, such as the Jumnu Ustomi, or birthday of Krishna; the Dewallee, or feast of lights, when the whole capital, lighted up, presents a pretty sight; the Rakhwal, when there are dances in honor of Krishna, and a huge bird, very cleverly arranged, comes on the scene to the delight of the children. The bird is admirably represented by a structure of cloth and bamboo, with a man inside. The "Holi" is duly kept, and red powder and fires are not wanting. The feast of Juggernath is also observed, and a huge car is erected and drawn in front of the palace. Finally, in the month of July, a great entertainment is given, when the hill-tribes as well as Manipuris compete, and there are foot-races, wrestling-matches, etc.

The Manipuris, properly so called, are all Hindoos; but there is a considerable population, perhaps five thousand in all, of Mussulmans in the valley, the descendants of Manipuris who adopted their present religion before the great conversion to Hindooism commenced; their members have been recruited also by immigrants from Bengal. These people perform lal-loop like the rest of the population, and are also the chief poultry-breeders of the valley, the Manipuris, though apparently unable to do without a fish-diet, rigidly abstaining from flesh of all kinds. The Mussulmans are rather kept under by the Hindoos, but occupy a far better position than the latter would under a Mussulman government. The chief among them received the title of nawab from Chandra Kirtee Singh, who also released the whole community from the obligation to fall prostrate before him, they having objected on religious grounds.

The Mussulman women, high and low, like the Manipuris, are great weavers. This it should be noted is in marked contrast to the customs of India, where that useful art is confined to the very lowest castes, and where, among Mussulmans even, weaving is looked upon with scorn.

Silk is manufactured in Manipur by people who, though now indistinguishable from the rest of the population, are said to be descended from Chinese captives, the mere remnants of an army that invaded Manipur from China seven hundred years ago, and was ignominiously defeated. The captives are said to have taught silk-culture and weaving, also brick-making, and part of a brick building reputed to have been built by them still remains to testify to the truth of the tradition.

Sumptuary laws are in full force in Manipur, and they are a valuable institution, forming as they do a cheap and efficient means of rewarding services. Any one may have a brass box for holding betel nut, for instance, but the royal permission is required to possess a silver one. No man may wear gold bracelets unless they are first presented by the rajah, after which he may buy a second pair. Rare feathers are given as a mark of distinction to be worn in the turban, and are, of course, greatly valued. Besides the above there are many turbans and peculiar cloths, none of which can be worn except as a reward for service performed to the state. Highest of all is a coat of curious workmanship, that takes over a year to make, and is never given, except to the blood-royal, but as a reward for gallant service in the field.

Here a word or two must be said about the army, which consisted of about five thousand men at the outside, in eight regiments of infantry and one artillery corps. The cavalry were practically non-existent, and many of the infantry quite ignorant of drill. There were eight brass 3-lb. guns, and two 7-lb. mountain guns, given as a reward for service in the Naga hills in 1879. One of these did admirable service for us in the Burmese war. After 1886 two more 7-lb. mountain guns were given, and, I have heard, some Snider rifles, but of these I know nothing. Unless many more arms have been given since 1886, it is utterly impossible that more than six thousand men at the outside could have been put in line against us, even including one thousand or twelve hundred Kuki Irregulars, as want of arms would prevent it. A Manipuri warlike expedition was a strange sight, every man carrying, besides his arms and ammunition, his food and cooking-pots in a bundle on his back. These men, however, badly equipped and poorly dressed as they often were, marched steadily and uncomplainingly, and were admirable hands at butting themselves and erecting stockades. A Manipuri force well commanded was always able to hold its own against a sudden attack at night in the hills, as where there was the least danger the position was carefully fortified, however tired the men might be. An army was always highly honored on its return from a successful expedition. Indeed, a special entrance to the interior of the palace was reserved for the rajah to enter by on these occasions; otherwise he never crossed its threshold. A general, when he returned, made a formal triumphal entry into the capital, and it was a highly interesting sight to see the long line of picturesque irregulars winding along the streets and the groves of the capital, till they finally marched into the palace in triumph, and the general at their head, entering the royal presence, threw himself at the rajah's feet to receive his benediction—the reward of all others that he coveted.

Happy were it for us, perhaps, if our tastes were as simple, and if we aspired no higher than to do our duty and earn the approval of our fellow-creatures. Manipur, indeed, to the reflective observer presents many charms; here great wealth is not to be seen, but very much comfort and contentment; the people are under a despotic government, but they are proud of it—it reflects credit in their eyes on all their race; and associated with it in

their minds are their pageants, their processions, their boat-races, their festivals, their golden bazaar, their miniature military triumphs, and their royal progresses; all these are dear to the people, and are the outcome and natural growth of their own native system.

I do not propose to touch on recent events; sad it is to contemplate all the trouble that has come on this peaceful and interesting country and people. As in all cases, the many must suffer for the faults of the few, but it is earnestly to be hoped that annexation will not be deemed necessary. The offenders against the majesty of the British government must be punished with the utmost severity, if only as an example to others, but let us spare the country, and allow it to develop in its natural way, under our fostering care and guidance.

J. JOHNSTONE.

(Late Political Agent, Manipur).

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE LABOR CANDIDATE.

THEY chose John Hammer for three chief reasons:—

First, because he was so honest and single-minded. They knew as well as they could know anything, that he would never play them false. They could strum upon his candor to their heart's content. They also had the wit to perceive that, if ever they disagreed with him, or he disagreed with them, this excellent quality of his would provide off-hand the material for a dispute which would end in his resignation or supersession.

Next, he was poor. That was almost as convenient as his extreme honesty. Unquestionably, if their man was not poor, he might by and by kick over the traces, and enjoy himself until the next dissolution without the least reference to the men who, to all public intents and purposes, had created him. John was, in fact, so poor, that if they had not provided him with an allowance of so much a week, with travelling expenses, second-class, and a dress suit, as extras, he would not have been able to pay his dinner bill for a single week, let alone support his wife and family. He was as thoroughly dependent upon them as a marine pier upon the piles which support it.

In the third place, John Hammer was an out-and-out Red, with political views which quite accorded with their own. He had been educated at the National School

of Wallsend until he was ten, when he entered the world of real life as a pit-bank boy. From that time forward, until he became foreman of a gang of colliers, he had continued to mature. And now he could sneer at the queen and the royal family, bring down his right fist with a resounding whack into the hollow of his left hand when he mentioned the civil or the pension list, become frenzied in his contrast of the earnings of a pitman with the inherited income of a duke, and signify in very audible and expressive language his conviction that a time was coming when —; all this he could do as well as the most conscientious demagogue that Wallsend had ever had the good luck to listen to.

It was clear, therefore, that John Hammer was their man.

"What wilt say, my woman, when thy John tacks M.P. to his name?" quoth the candidate to his wife, a week before the polling-day. "An' it'll coom to pass, my lass, tek my word for it!"

"I shanna know what to say, John. It'll be so strange-loike; an' oime na sure it'll be good for ayther o' the pair of us."

"Thee bist a fule!" said John; and in his displeasure he swung the latch of his little cottage at four-and-six a week, and strode into the highroad.

Here he chanced to encounter Mr. Juggins, the master of the Amalgamated Association of Nutcracker-makers and Glass-blowers; and together they adjourned for the rest of the day to the Jolly Bacchus, a snug public-house with a vast deal of polished brass about its fittings, and a sanded floor.

Mr. Juggins controlled a hundred and eighty-seven votes in the coming election. He and John were on the most friendly terms. It was mainly due to him that the six wirepullers of the district had chosen their present candidate. Mr. Juggins was immensely ambitious. He was small, and feverish of speech, with a tuft of grey beard, and a habit of winking his eyes for no apparent reason. He received three pounds a week from the nut-cracker makers and glass-blowers, for whom he kindly acted as corporate treasurer, as well as secretary, counsellor, and friend. But it did not content him. He had seraphic visions of State patronage in the hands of John Hammer, M.P., the best pickings of which would in the time to come fall to Barzillai Juggins. Hence the inspired fervor of his utterances to the glass-blowing and nut-cracker-making electors, whose votes he held in the palm of his hand. "John Hammer's your man, my dear

friends. He'll put his foot down on the infamous abuses which crush the poor working-man out of the position which is his right by the laws of heaven, and equity, and nature, and common sense. Down, therefore, with the pampered aristocrat and the pension list, and up with the candidate of the A.A.N.G.!"

Messrs. Scarth, Perkins, Robinson, Abbott, and Banks, the other five wirepullers of Wallsend, were much like Barzillai Juggins. Each had the fingering of a number of votes of the local colliers and mechanics. Each in public professed principles the most unselfish and philanthropic, which all pointed to John Hammer as their eventual representative; and each, in the privacy of his heart, cared only for himself.

These five worthy gentlemen were married. Juggins, on the other hand, was a bachelor. The women of the district — a hard-tongued class — were wont to say in jest that Barzillai would explode his wife out of doors two or three times a day, if he had such a tender helpmate; and perhaps he would.

It was the twentieth of May — the month of flowers — and the election was to take place on the twenty-seventh.

There seemed so little doubt about the issue between John Hammer, the labor candidate, and the Honorable Ponsonby Vane Fitzroy, the Conservative nominee, that the result was held to be a foregone conclusion by the press. John Hammer, who could write a good text-hand, spent his time in answering letters of congratulation and inquiries about his political intentions from men whom he had never seen or heard of. He had resigned his situation as foreman in the Ten Acre Coal Company a month back, and existed penuriously upon his small savings. It seemed only reasonable that the committee of the labor candidate should make his allowance date from the day of his resignation; but to this they demurred. Their funds, they said, would not admit of such lavishness. Besides, it would be a breach of common prudence.

Mrs. Hammer grumbled mightily about this, sighed in secret for the solid pound a week which John had been wont to give her for kitchen purposes, and put lard instead of butter upon the bread.

"Thee bist a fule, woman!" was all the comfort her husband gave her when she ventured to air her grievances.

On the twenty-first of May Mr. Juggins

received a letter which made him wink a hundred and fifty times without a pause. It began, "My dear Mr. Juggins," and ended, "Believe me, your sincere friend, Wilhelmina Dashville."

It was nothing less than an invitation to lunch in a quiet and friendly way at Dashville Castle with the Countess of Dashville.

The phraseology of the letter delighted Mr. Juggins beyond anything. This sentence, for example:—

"I have heard from my husband and others quite sufficient about your disinterested love for the working-classes to feel no scruple in addressing you as a fellow-laborer in that grand cause;" etc., etc.

Moreover, it was so affable; and her ladyship actually condescended to be poetic.

"Come just as you are, my dear Mr. Juggins, for

If there's a cause,
Beyond other, that draws
My utmost scorn and loathing,
'Tis the fuss fools make,
And the pains they take,
About their outward clothing."

This was the more remarkable, seeing that the countess was famous for her gowns.

Mr. Juggins put his chin in his hand, and reflected. The upshot was that he resolved to lunch with the Countess of Dashville. Why should he not? After all, was not a countess a human being like himself? That she was the wife of a Conservative lord was an accident for which she could not be held accountable. And so Barzillai made a careful toilet in his Sabbath black, and departed in a cab. But he had the tact to dismiss the cabman a mile from the castle. Thither he walked alone, on the ends of his toes, with his trousers turned up, looking askance at every one he met in the lanes. Once inside the park gates, he dusted himself nicely from head to toe with his dark-blue silk pocket-handkerchief, took a sprig of red geranium from a paper bag, set it in his buttonhole, and approached the grandiose portico of the castle.

That night there was a meeting of the labor candidate's committee, but Mr. Juggins, for some unexplained reason, did not attend it.

Mrs. Scarth, whose husband was the secretary of the Corporate Society of Wallsend Nailmakers, a powerful body, representing one hundred and twenty-four votes, was frightened almost out of her seven senses the next day by the sudden

apparition of a stranger, leading by the hand her much-beloved, first-born son, Reuben, howling furiously.

"Are you Mrs. Scarth? This is the house, my dear little lad, is it not? Don't cry so," said the stranger, all in a breath.

"Please to step inside, sir," said the nailmakers' secretary's wife, when she had scanned her offspring with a mother's regarding eye, and found him sound of limb.

"It was in this way, Mrs. Scarth. I was walking into Wallsend to see my friend Mr. Parchment, the attorney, when I heard a horrible wail from among the pit-banks. Without an instant's hesitation I left the road and clambered over the rubbish heaps in the direction of the cry. Now be composed, there's a dear woman, though I feel it will give you a shock. What did I see but a tall, dark man, with a forbidding countenance, stooping into an abandoned pit-shaft, and holding something over the abyss. The something proved to be this little boy, and it was his pair of little feet that I saw. Never mind how I rescued him. The man must have been deranged; at any rate, he has made himself scarce."

Mrs. Scarth snatched her darling to her heart, and sobbed audibly. "He was going to his school, the precious! like the other lads. God bless you, sir!"

The stranger stayed with the poor woman longer than seemed necessary. At parting she took his proffered hand in the most cordial manner.

"I shall never forget you, sir—never," she said; "and I will certainly do the best I can with him."

"A thousand thanks. I am more than proud that I have been able to do you a service."

That afternoon Mrs. Scarth and her husband had a strenuous palaver. At first Mr. Scarth was obdurate as marble. But his wife used certain discreet conjugal menaces, which at length had the desired effect, and in the end the nailmakers' representative gave way.

At the committee meeting of the labor candidate that night neither Mr. Scarth nor Mr. Juggins appeared.

Mr. Robinson acted as the mouthpiece and mind of a number of colliers who were glad to be relieved of the trouble of thinking for themselves. He was an exemplary young man, who wore spectacles, read Mr. Smiles's "Self Help" in bed, and thoroughly believed that it was the duty of every man to advance himself in the eyes of the world by any means whatever—of

course, assuming that the means were lawful. He attended a variety of improving classes in the free library, and had written excellent examination papers on mathematics, English literature, French, Latin, chemistry, and modern philosophy. He also played the violin, and could recite his own poetry with beautiful effect. By some he was reckoned the most accomplished person in Wallsend; and it was said the rector himself feared him upon the platform. For all that, poor young Mr. Robinson did not flourish.

"Now come, Mr. Robinson," said a certain stranger who had called upon the colliers' mouthpiece and mind upon the twenty-third of May. "To-day is Saturday. I'll give you till Monday. A man with your studious and refined tastes ought not to hesitate, it seems to me. You will be in the best, and, to you, the most congenial of society—that of the great minds of the illustrious dead, you know; and for my part, I needn't look at you twice to prognosticate that, with such literary facilities as the situation would give you, you could make a name for yourself as an author."

"O—h," gasped Mr. Robinson; "do you really think so? It is one of the fondest ambitions—of—my existence; and yet—"

"And yet what?"

"I—I am not sure that it would be a right thing to do."

"Think it over; that is all I ask. Here's my address. Send me a line, yes or no, and the matter may be considered finished. Good-bye, I must be off."

Mr. Robinson grasped the stranger's hand, and was about to let it drop and return to his studies, when something impelled him to give it another little squeeze, and whisper with a sigh: "Well, sir, so be it. I will do what you desire."

That settled a hundred and fifty-six more votes.

The next day was Sunday, which brought Mr. Banks, the iron-workers' representative, divers duties of extreme importance. Mr. Banks was leading deacon of the Mount Carmel Chapel of the New Primitive Methodist Connection. The ironworkers did not think much of John Hammer, especially as their works were the property of a relation of the Conservative candidate, who might be tempted to propose something disagreeable in the matter of wages. However, Mr. Banks was a potent force in the district, and he was to have his own way.

At the morning service the deacon's sharp eyes discerned a pleasant-faced stranger, and after service the stranger accosted Mr. Banks.

"Come into the pastor's room," said the deacon, "he'll have changed his clothes and gone by now."

"Thank you, Mr. Banks," said the stranger, "but I think our conversation will be better in the open air, and as the day is mild for the time of the year, if you have no objection—"

"Not a mite," said Mr. Banks.

When they had walked up and down the pavement in front of the ugly little chapel for about half an hour, the angry looks and gesticulations with which the deacon had at first seemed to receive the stranger's communication wholly disappeared. It was dinner-time ere they parted, and at parting Mr. Banks smiled a beaming smile upon the stranger.

"It'll be an acceptable wurruk, sir, and do a power of good. One can't hev a fold too large for the stray lambs that hev to be gathered into it."

"Good-bye," said the stranger. "You shall hear from me."

"I wish you good-day, sir," said Mr. Banks; and as he walked to his home he sniffed the smell of roast meat which pervaded the thoroughfare, and held his head high, and looked everyone and everything full in the face, with an expression in which conscious uprightness and contentment were agreeably mingled.

The committee-meeting of the labor candidate on Monday evening was a melancholy farce. Only Mr. Perkins and Mr. Abbott attended it. Mr. Perkins represented the locksmiths, and Mr. Abbott the tinplate-workers.

"What I want to know is this," said Mr. Perkins to Mr. Abbott: "Who's to pay for the vehicles to bring the men to the pole?"

"I hev heerd that they're all took by Fitzroy," remarked Mr. Abbott, with a mournful shake of the head.

"And why ar'n't the others here, eh? Robinson, I know, has bin called to his sick mother; but he ain't all."

"Banks, I heerd, have had a kick-up at his chapel—something smart's on, I've heerd."

"Well, Mr. Abbott, I don't know as we've nowt to stay for, and I'll be glad of my bellyful at supper. And so I wish you good-night."

"Good-night, Mr. Perkins, sir," said Mr. Abbott, who was a common mechanic,

where Mr. Perkins employed fifteen hands in a factory of his own.

The next morning, which was Tuesday, the twenty sixth of May, Mr. Perkins met Mr. Juggins in the street and promptly stopped him.

"Are we all of the same mind that we was a while ago?" he asked; and then he rightened his mouth, and tried to look intelligent.

"Hush!" said Mr. Juggins, with a finger set vertically across his lips for one moment. "Come into the Temperance House, and have a cup of coffee."

"What's the meaning of it all?" continued Mr. Perkins, much excited.

"Things be changed, Perkins," said Mr. Juggins, when they were seated in the far corner of the big room, and concealed from the outer world by the vapor that eddied from two elephantine mugs. "What do you think of Hammer taking to drink in this way?"

"Drink!" exclaimed Mr. Perkins, and his finger involuntarily grasped the bit of blue ribbon that patched his coat where he had frayed it against the desk.

"It was only the other night I saw him in the Jolly Bacchus in a state—well, I won't particularize. We all know what that means. The man ain't strong enough in the head. If he thinks fit to elevate himself on account of two birds in the bush which he thinks are both his, what'll it be when he becomes our master, so to speak, and free to play the gentleman at our expense?"

"I'm main sorry," said Mr. Perkins meditatively; "but, of course, there's nowt more to be done. What shall you do?"

"It doesn't matter to anybody what. Fitzroy must come in, whether we back him or don't. Better an aristocrat than a drunkard."

"Much better," sighed Mr. Perkins. "Then we needn't trouble about hiring cars and all that?"

"Of course not. Don't you see, we ought to have done it weeks ago, really. It's providential, and nothing else, that we held our hands."

"Well!" said Mr. Perkins.

"Well!" said Mr. Juggins; and thus they parted.

To his extreme irritation, Mr. Abbott, the tinplate representative, found himself all alone in the committee-room of the labor candidate on the Tuesday evening. Having clumped up and down the chamber for half an hour, with his hands in his

pockets, he departed, and called upon Mr. Juggins.

"Mr. Juggins, sir," said he, as soon as he saw Barzillai, "I'll be dommed if I hev anything more to do wi' Jack Hammer. He've cost me, I reckon, fourteen hours this past fortnight, at a shilling and a ha'penny the hour, and I be tired of it. It's different for you, mebbe, being as you be, treasurer as well as Union deputy."

"Sit down, Ezra," said Mr. Juggins kindly; and then, having brought forth a black bottle of Old Tom, he soothed Mr. Abbott's wounded feelings, and informed him that it was all over with Hammer's chances. "Every one knows it except Hammer himself."

"Dash me!" observed Ezra Abbott, when he had digested some of the Old Tom and this information, "it be the fust toime I've took up wi' this bisness, and it'll be the last. I baint a-goin' messin' after labor candidates any more."

By the desertion of Mr. Perkins, John Hammer lost a hundred and eleven votes, and by that of Mr. Abbott ninety more. The six wirepullers could in all account for seven hundred and ninety-six votes, out of a constituency of thirteen hundred and fifty-one electors. The shopkeepers, professional men, and employers of labor, who comprised the bulk of the five hundred and fifty-five other votes, were, almost to a man, for the Conservative candidate.

One very odd feature about this election was the ignorance in which John Hammer was kept about the change of front of the men whom he had every reason to believe were his supporters. Up to the last he had no doubt about his success, and on the Tuesday night he spent an entire hour trying to explain to a lady correspondent his views on the women's suffrage question.

"Females," he remarked in this letter, "differ but little from males, and have more trials to bear than men, and it would be a shame if we men were to deny them the compensations that are theirs by right; respect for female opinion is one of the strongest points in my programme."

"John, dear, won't you come to your bed?" entreated his anxious spouse while he was writing this.

"Hould thy tongue, woman! Thou'rt cat and kittens all in one for talking," was his reply. It was surprising how different his written style had already become from his style colloquial.

But the good creature, his wife, was not deterred by this rebuff from trying her best to prepare her husband for the physical fatigues of the morrow.

"There'll be a bit bread, wi' a sausage in it, in thy right tail-pocket, an' a flat bottle in the other. Tak' care how you sit; and do, John, if they want to cheer (chair) thee, see as it's a strong un, for thee beest no light weight."

"Wilt stop thy gabbing or not?" shouted the labor candidate tempestuously; and then there was silence.

The Wallsend election will long be remembered for its sensational surprise. It was known that the Primrose dames and their knights and esquires had been extraordinarily active at the last moment in trying to undermine the Radical interest in the borough, but few indeed supposed that they had succeeded. Most people who saw the Countess of Dashville driving about the grimy streets thought it was lost labor on her part. John Hammer, who went to and fro in a mild one-horse shay, and attended by a single faithful henchman, would, it was generally believed, be returned by a large majority. John had been advised a fortnight previously to spend the day in this pleasant though somewhat monotonous public display of himself, and he faithfully acted upon the suggestion, at a cost of seventeen shillings and sixpence out of his own pocket. At times he marvelled that he saw little or nothing of the various committee-men who had been so enthusiastic about his candidature. But he consoled himself with the idea that they were fighting manfully on his behalf.

The result of the poll was announced at eleven o'clock the same evening, and the Hon. Ponsonby Vane Fitzroy was declared duly elected by a majority of eleven hundred and nine.

Poor John Hammer received only forty-five votes.

Messrs. Juggins, Scarth, Robinson, Banks, Perkins, and Abbott had prevailed only too well with the free and independent electors, of whom they were the advisers. Hardly a dozen of them had acted upon their own instincts.

John Hammer returned to his cottage at four-and-six a week worn out, depressed, and so stupefied by the disappointment and the coldness of those he had believed his friends that he could not think he was in his right senses.

Mrs. Hammer, however, good soul, re-

ceived him much as the father in the parable welcomed his prodigal son.

"Never thee mind, my man," she said cheerfully, as she bustled about a prime pork chop she was cooking for him; "it be all for the best, I be sure. Thee an' me would ha' bin miserable in Lunnon; we ain't fit for 't. Thee'll soon get the old wurruk agin, and then we'll be happy, an' be able to buy ninepenny butter agin. John, my man, I canna help sayin' it, but I be right glad thee'st lost, an' I canna help it."

"Because thee bist a fule!" blurted John, with a bent head, as he turned towards the pork chop, which had been thrust smoking under his nose.

From Temple Bar.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

BY MRS. ANDREW CROSSE.

THE following undated letter belongs to the autumn of 1850, a time ever memorable to me, because I had then recently settled down to new interests in the romantic home of my happy married life. This playful rejoinder to a letter of mine, was the first I had ever received from Walter Landor, who, be it remembered, was already in his seventy-sixth year.

DEAR MRS. CROSSE,—No visit in this world or from another could give me greater pleasure than that which you promise me on Monday the 14th. Come early: time is precious to me, especially *such* time. Can you dine at the old-fashioned hour of three? I enjoy the feast of reason, but the feast of nonsense and *abandon* is a better thing. If you do not keep your husband in order I shall perhaps tempt him into a little of his epicurism. Talk of Plato! the fellow is what Carlyle would call a sham and humbug. For dialogue and for style too, Crosse, I venture to affirm, prefers Galileo.

Ever truly yours,

W. S. LANDOR.

It became our custom when we visited Bath to stay at an hotel, for we had many friends to see in the neighborhood; but we invariably devoted our first afternoon to the three-o'clock dinner with Mr. Landor; a sort of institution, in fact, which afforded me some of the most interesting recollections of my life.

On the occasion of our first visit, it was a bright, sunny day, and we found our host awaiting our arrival in the drawing-room of his lodgings, No. 3 Rivers Street. The cloth was already laid on the round table,

it was his only sitting-room—he lived very simply; but he was his own caterer, and knew how to provide a good and hospitable dinner. The aspect of the old-fashioned house, and its locality, suggested the Bath of Sheridan's time. Landor himself was a link with the remote past, for he knew the place in the last decade of the eighteenth century.

I never saw a room so full of pictures as this drawing-room; even the doors, inside and out, were hung with framed oil-paintings, all and each of which their owner believed to be veritable "old masters," but I am afraid his faith was not shared by his friends. A shelf by the side of the fireplace contained the few books that Landor cared to possess—he was no book collector. That massive brow of his was a library in itself; at first sight, the high and at the same time retreating forehead seemed to require a taller, larger figure, but this impression wore off, and the charm of his smile made him appear a handsome, noble-looking old man. His eyes varied in expression more than any eyes I ever remember. Sometimes his soul looked out of them with a far-away sadness that was infinitely pathetic, and then they might be seen flashing with exuberant, boyish fun, such fun as could only be felt by people of abounding life and good animal spirits. I often wished, when Landor set off laughing, that the room was ten times as large, especially if his pet dog Pomoer barked in chorus. The two together were very noisy indeed.

After sitting an hour or two with Landor, you would forget that he was the old man; he was such stirring company, and at all times there was so much suggestiveness in his talk. His memory, when first I knew him, was never at fault for a name or an illustration. He was not much given to quotation, but often he flashed out a criticism that was very amusing. In speaking of Gray's "Elegy," he observed, "It was a mistake to say, 'The moping owl doth to the moon complain;' the owl is not moping, she is about her business catching mice." He objected also to what he called the "tin kettle of an epitaph tied to the tail of the 'Elegy.'" I forget the name, but he compared certain incongruities of a writer to being served with "goose and mince pie on the same plate." He objected to all that savored of vulgarity in expression. "Milton," he said, "should not have described the scale that 'kicked the beam.' We might as well expect to hear the angels talk of 'kicking the bucket.'"

In theory, though certainly not in temper, Landor was a Republican, but a Republican of the seventeenth century. In politics he was a staunch Protestant; and I think he would have agreed with Kinglake in saying that if "Hampden had been a good Roman Catholic he would just have paid his ship-money." There was no submission to the self-constituted "right divine" doctrine about Landor or his writings; there was the true Englishman's love of liberty in all he spoke or wrote. For him, the poet and philosopher must above all be, as he said, "the warders of civilization, the watchmen at the gate which tyranny would batter down, the healers of those wounds which she left festering on the field."

I well remember a fine burst of Landor's eloquence in favor of republican institutions; and when especially praising the Americans, amongst whom he had many friends, he concluded with the remark, "But I could never live in America, because they have no cathedrals or painted glass."

Landor loved art, as he himself says, "next to nature;" his long residence in Italy had habituated him to the presence of artistic surroundings; but his truest and tenderest feelings were ever for the woods and fields. His knowledge of nature's minutiae was very remarkable. The ways of birds and other creatures were familiar to him through the magic of friendliness; and flowers he loved as if they were sentient beings. In writing of one of the many solitary interludes of his life, he says:—

The flowers my guests, the birds my pensioners,
Books my companions, and but few beside.

Landor had all the vigor of an open-air mind. I have heard him say repeatedly that he considered "those hours ill-spent that were not passed out of doors." He always dwelt upon this with insistence. "Thoughts came to him," he said, "in the open air, or in the silence of the night; exercise is not always necessary, but the mind wants field repose and *growing* weather; neither storm nor sunshine, but calm."

Landor would occasionally fall into silence, and his thoughts apparently wandering far away, perhaps into his own or the world's past, his companions cared not to recall him to the trivial present by any uttered word. I remember his breaking such a suggestive silence by suddenly exclaiming: "Yes, the time I most regret is

the time I have spent in reading; if I had read less, I should be more original; learning in books is learning at second-hand." Then he went on to tell us that only during four years of his life had he ever studied seriously. This seemed really surprising when one considers the extensive range of knowledge that is brought under view in the "Imaginary Conversations." I suppose I expressed this in some way, for Landor replied: "A deep insight into your own mind gives you a knowledge of other men's."

Something just then turned the conversation into a less serious vein, and Landor went off into one of those bursts of exaggerated nonsense that always proved irresistibly contagious. Such a moment of general hilarity was Pomeroy's opportunity, and he barked and capered round, thoroughly enjoying the joke in his doggy fashion.

These interludes of fun and frolic on the part of the poet-philosopher were very characteristic of his individuality. My husband and Kenyon were congenial spirits, and in their presence more especially, he indulged in the spontaneous gaiety of his nature. Landor would fire off his paradoxes in most amusing fashion, defending his proposition at first with judicial gravity, and then upsetting his own contention with the explosion of a joke. I remember his propounding one day the statement that "fiction was more true than fact." He defended the idea with great ingenuity. He could be very happy at times in repartee. I recollect his handing me once at dinner a glass of wine that was brimful; he did it with a certainty of nerve that led me to say: "You are as steady, Mr. Landor, as if you were only eighteen!"

"I am a great deal steadier than I was at eighteen," he replied, with a laugh.

Landor had his pet aversions—Lord Brougham was one; his style he compared to the "music of a bag-pipe; his vivacity being expressed by twitches of sarcasm," adding, that "the vintage of his intellect had produced a bin of flat ginger-beer."

Professional literature was an abomination to Landor, at least he said so in his exaggerated way. It is a remark of his, that "authors should never be seen by authors, and little by other people." He would occasionally lump all current literature together without discrimination, and abuse it heartily. He seemed to read very few books, but he knew by intuition the tendency of modern thought. He also

recognized, with loudly expressed reprobation, the change that was coming over the popular taste of the day—the love of sensationalism.

People now want strong essences instead of flowers [he said]. They disregard the old grove and the soft meadow; they conjure tears by bullying and blaspheming; and with the air of what passes for originality, they are ready to kick the first honest shepherd they meet, and shake hands with the first cut-throat.

Sometimes in the quiet evenings we spent at Landor's lodgings in Bath, he would be in the humor for recalling personal recollections. I remember his telling me that he was the first man in Oxford to leave off hair-powder and a pigtail, and was stigmatized as "a Jacobin" in consequence; this was in 1793. He said he soon found that Oxford could teach him nothing that he wanted to know. But I suspect he came to this conclusion as an after-thought. As we know, his college career terminated abruptly, by his being rusticated for a foolish practical joke, which would have been condoned but for his proud defiance of the authorities. Curious that a man who could be so calmly judicious, when removed to the realms of contemplative and critical literature, could be so wanting "in the sense that handles daily life." In temperament he fell under the too frequently preferred charge, that genius is shadowed in its earthly path by inherent irresponsibility. All the archangels that we meet here below are, like poor Coleridge, damaged more or less, by their gravestones ever so laudatory.

Landor's domestic unhappiness was too well known to be ignored; and I have known him refer to the circumstance occasionally, but I never heard him utter a word of blame. He said merely that "life was rendered impossible to him in Italy." I have heard him regret, when contrasting other and more congenial marriages, that he "unfortunately was taken by a pretty face."

Kenyon related to me an incident in the Landor honeymoon that is significant. On one occasion, it seems, the newly married couple were sitting side by side, Landor was reading some of his own verses to his bride—and who could read more exquisitely?—when all at once the lady, releasing herself from his arm, jumped up, saying: "Oh, do stop, Walter, there's that dear, delightful Punch performing in the street. I must look out of the window." Exit poetry forever!

Landor gave me a characteristic account

of his parting from his family. "There was no quarrel," he said, but he had resolved in his own mind to leave his home. The evening before, it seems, he had said, "Mrs. Landor, will you allow me the use of your carriage to-morrow morning to take me the first stage out of Florence?" The request was accorded, no further words passed between this ill-assorted couple, "and so the next day I left forever," said Landor.

Alas, we know that at the end of his life, driven by a calamity which, unhappily, he had himself evoked, he once again tried the experiment of living at Fiesole, but with disastrous results. The story goes that a fortnight after Landor's return to his family in 1858, he again showed the irascibility of his temper, by kicking his dinner and the man-cook out of the window. Probably they were both bad—the dinner must have been exceptionally so—for Landor was very simple in his tastes, and easily satisfied. He lived for twenty years in the same lodgings in Bath, without suggesting the rapid exit of any of the servants from his presence. In all the pleasant hours, first and last, that we spent in the society of the kindly old man, I never saw any exhibition of temper. Once we tried his patience in a small matter. My sister and I were inexcusably late for dinner; but he received us without a word of reproach. It is true that he had eaten his own meal, for which act he most courteously begged our forgiveness, saying he had made it a rule in life never to wait dinner for any one. With more thoughtfulness than mankind generally have, and more than we deserved, he had taken care that the dishes should reappear nice and hot and in every way comfortable. I had known Landor six years, and was on terms of intimacy, so that the exhibition of a little human nature—if not Landorian explosiveness—would have been excusable on the occasion.

There were few things that Landor more frequently insisted on than the axiom, that "hatred is the most vulgar of vulgarisms." In poetry he has well expressed this feeling, where he says:—

I never hate;
It is too troublesome: it rumples sleep,
It settles on the dishes of the feast,
It bites the fruit, it dips into the wine;
Then rather let my enemy hate me
Than I hate him.

In his lofty way Landor used to say: "I do not remember that resentment has ever made me commit an injustice." In money

matters he was most liberal to his family. He gave up nearly three-quarters of his income to them; living, he told us, on £350 a year in Bath. They had, besides, the profitable estate and villa at Fiesole.

A propos of not resenting injuries, Landor related to me the following incident in his most characteristic manner. He resided for three years of his early married life at Como, where he had for his next-door neighbor the Princess of Wales, and as a matter of common scandal, knew the rumors that were circulated concerning her mode of life. Before long a violent dispute arose between their respective servants, regarding a right of way across Landor's garden. "The insolence of her domestics," said Landor, "was only equalled by the intolerable discourtesy of her Royal Highness when she was appealed to in the matter." In short, there was a pretty quarrel, and Landor was not the man to suffer a wrong in silence, especially from royalties, respectable or otherwise!

When the Milan Commission was carrying on the "delicate investigation" some years later, Landor found himself applied to confidentially to give evidence *against* Queen Caroline. This raised his indignation, and he told me that he replied in these words: "Her Royal Highness is my enemy; she has deeply injured me, therefore I can say nothing against her, and I never will."

It was rather a significant circumstance that, shortly before this application was made, George IV. took an opportunity of asking Mr. Landor to dinner. "I declined the honor," said Landor, "on the plea that I had an attack of quinsy. I always have quinsy when royal people ask me to dinner," he added, laughing immoderately.

In that treasured little package which I possess, docketed "Letters from Walter Savage Landor, 1850-1858," I find that, though always winged with kindly sympathy, yet from their brevity and personal allusions, they yield few extracts of any general interest. In a letter to my husband in the spring of 1851, he writes:—

DEAR CROSSE,—Let me thank you for your spirited lines, and rejoice in your perfect happiness. In return for your poem, I can only send you the one I wrote last. Next week another will appear in the *Examiner* more worthy of your notice, because it refers to the greatest and purest of all public men, your countryman and neighbor Blake.

Landor had been my husband's guest at Fyne Court, the ancestral home of the

Crosses, on the Quantock Hills; and there he had seen some of those remarkable *early* experiments in electricity which for some years gave a peculiar interest to the secluded old manor house in the wilds of Somersetshire.

In those leisure moments which were not exclusively devoted to scientific pursuits, Andrew Crosse was known to indulge in occasional flights into the region of poetic verse. Some of these fugitive pieces Landor had greatly admired, and hence the "Lines to Andrew Crosse," which, commencing thus, fall later into a less happy strain of criticism:—

Altho' with earth and heaven you deal,
As equal and without appeal,
And bring beneath your ancient roof
Records of all they do, and proof;
No right have you, sequester'd Crosse,
To make the Muses weep your loss.
A poet were you long before
Gems from the struggling air you tore,
And bade the far-off flashes play
About your woods and light your way.

In explanation it may be said that there were exploring wires to a considerable extent round the woods of Fyne Court, for testing the electricity of the atmosphere. Occasionally we had our private thunderstorms, conveyed by this means into the large music-room, and the effects were very startling indeed to the uninitiated. Sedgwick, the geologist, after paying a visit to my husband, dubbed him the "lightning-monger, Philosopher Crosse." Furthermore, the gems that Landor alludes to were not torn "from the struggling air," but were produced in a dark chamber, under slow voltaic action, and thus producing close imitations of nature's work, established the proof of electricity being the chief factor in the crystallization of minerals.

The following letter from Landor refers to an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, of January, 1853, by our friend the Rev. John Eagles, describing a visit he had recently paid us in the country. Landor writes:—

DEAR MRS. CROSSE, — How can I express to you my delight at the letter you have written me! Eagles, if never before, is now an inspired poet, and if I am able to stir out I will go to the reading-room to look at *Blackwood*. It is scarcely thrice in a year that I turn over any article in a periodical. I know nothing of the *Leader* soon after its establishment. I gave a paper to my friend Miss Lynn, which the *Leader* was disinclined to insert, objecting to some of the opinions it contained. The *Examiner* is the only paper I ever write in, or ever will. . . . Alas! my dear, kind friend, in a very few days I shall

enter my seventy-ninth year. Your commands ought always to be obeyed; but there is a commander-in-chief who may direct my march to other quarters than the pleasant ones at Fyne Court. Old Time rattles his sands in my ear, and when I would turn away he shows me his scythe. Greatly do I doubt whether I shall ever move again from Bath. . . . To-day I feel passably well again. You and Crosse will complete my recovery by coming and dining with me. . . . Believe me, very truly and very gratefully yours,

W. S. LANDOR.

His birthday was the 30th of January. I remember his saying: "I rejoice at the date on which I was born, because it is the anniversary of the execution of Charles I., and I can celebrate the two events on the same day." Intolerant in words, but kind in deeds, as this short extract from another of Landor's letters will prove:—

My friend Forster is to receive £5 from the editor of the *National Magazine* for a short criticism of mine, and gives it to two ladies left very poor. Never will I benefit myself by anything I write.

Landor mentions the name of Miss Lynn in one of the foregoing letters. It will be remembered by those who knew him at the time, that the sincere friendship, almost filial devotion, of this lady—better known to the present generation as Mrs. Lynn Linton—was a great solace to Landor in those solitary days at Bath. Those remarkable novels of her girlhood, "Ayeth, the Egyptian," and a "Romance of the Days of Pericles,"* give evidence that Miss Lynn's youthful genius had felt responsibly the influence of the most classical writer of our day.

It has been objected that, classical as Landor was, yet he was not really a great scholar; maybe, but one is reminded of Shelley's answer, when surprise was expressed that Keats, who was ignorant of Greek, could have written "Hyperion." He said, "The reason is, Keats was a Greek." On the other hand, the orthodox have their fling at Landor, because, as they say, "He was such an old pagan." In rejoinder to such cavillers, I would quote a passage from Landor's own writings, where he says:—

Christianity is so kind that one objection to it, the worst indeed and the weakest, is the impracticability of performing all the kindness it enjoins. . . . Our English burial service is the most impressive thing to be found in any religion; it is framed on the character of the people, and preserves it. . . . As for philo-

* Anywhere.

ophy, if our philosophy tells us anything which shocks, or troubles, or perplexes our humanity, let us doubt it.

I well remember one evening when we were Landor's guests—we were on our way to stay with Kenyon at Wimbledon, and stopped at Bath on purpose to take the latest news of him to our common friend—the conversation turned upon Shakespeare and Milton. My husband, with whom I utterly disagreed on this point, placed Milton on an equal footing with the many-sided Shakespeare. He tried to tease me by saying that my sex were angry with the author of "Paradise Lost" for describing our mother Eve as "of outward form elaborate, of inward less exact." We pursued our subject half in joke, half seriously. Landor remarked that "Milton is among the least witty of mankind, and seldom attempts a witticism unless he is angry." While we were talking on in the desultory way that people do talk, I opened a volume of the "Imaginary Conversations," and read aloud now and again a favorite passage touching on the matter in hand, and, as I hoped, the fountain depths of memory were stirred, and Landor flashed out many an old thought—precious gems all of them—in the trickery of a new setting. Alas, that I do not remember the spoken words, but must quote the marked passages of long ago.

Yes [says Landor] Shakespeare may have borrowed from others, but he was more original than the originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them into life. A rib of Shakespeare would have made a Milton.

That is a fine passage where Landor, in a conversation between "Southey and Porson," makes the former say:—

There is as great a difference between Shakespeare and Bacon, as between an American forest and a London timber-yard. In the timber-yard the materials are sawed, and squared, and set across; in the forest we have the natural form of the tree, all its growth, all its branches, all the mosses that grow upon it, all the birds and insects that inhabit it; now deep shadows absorbing the whole wilderness, now untroubled skies, now terrific thunderstorms; everywhere multiformity, everywhere immensity.

Talking of French criticism of our great poets, Landor amused us much by repeating the remark that "Voltaire stuck to Milton and Shakespeare as a woodpecker does to an old forest tree, only for

the purpose of picking out what was rotten."

It was characteristic of Landor that after his arrows of wit had sped with unerring aim, he would unbend the bow, tossing Solomon and all his wisdom to the winds; and then he would talk the veriest nonsense with the youngest of us, but better still with Pomeroy, who, in the absence of children—always dearly loved by Landor—was literally his playmate.

When the explosive episode of fun and frolic between the noisy dog and his not less noisy master had ended—much to the relief of our nerves—we talked, I remember, that evening of Louis Napoleon. Landor had known him well in the Gore House days, and I noticed had formed a higher estimate of his intellect than was usual with those who knew him in the time of his exile. Landor said Prince Louis had fits of moody abstraction that were very peculiar. At one time he had the habit of frequenting a tailor's shop in Regent Street, where, half leaning against the door, he would gaze in silence for hours together on the ceaseless moving crowd that passed before him.

Landor told us that the prince had presented to him his volume on military tactics, writing on the fly-leaf some very high-flown compliments to "Walter Savage Landor, the most eloquent, and one of the noblest friends of liberty," etc. "This volume I returned to him in 1849," said Landor, "as an expression of my indignation on hearing that President Louis Napoleon had sent French troops to occupy Rome."

Landor's fondness for children was very genuine; in nearly all his letters to us there is some reference to our little boys. In one to my husband—as usual undated, but which belongs to 1853—he writes:—

MY DEAR CROSSE,—Your letter followed me from Bath to Warwick, and from Warwick to Knowles Lodge, where I am now on a visit to my brother's widow. In five or six days I shall be at Cheltenham, where I expect Boxall to be with me to finish my portrait. The earliest day after I shall be most happy to visit my friends at (Fyne Court) Broomfield. Your letter is indeed most interesting to me. Never did any man deserve more happiness than you do, nor is there any one on earth who has a fairer chance of it for many years to come. A gentle heart is the highest recompense of virtue, and you have found it. . . . I am not too old to be play-fellow to your little boy, but I suspect he will look at me with more gravity than I at

him. Two years hence we shall be nearer of a match.

In another and later letter he writes again more fully and kindly about my young family. There was a touch of deep pathos in the sympathy expressed towards me in my "delightful home," and with my "pleasant companions," coming as it did from the solitary old man—himself so painfully separated from all his own belongings. The letter ends thus:—

Alas! having now entered my eightieth year I cannot indulge the hope of entering your hospitable house again for several months. I have never gone further than two hundred yards from the house. And now the loss of my sister, my oldest and dearest friend, has deprived me of sleep and digestion.

Happily our dear old friend recovered both health and spirits; his constitution was wonderfully elastic, and at intervals during the next year or two his conversation, as I remember it, had flashes from his best days, and even his pen was not idle. Landor sent me the following lines in one of his latest letters, but I am not aware whether they were written then or at an earlier date.

There are few on whom fortune in one form
or other,
So various and numberless—never hath
smiled,
One fountain the sands of the desert may
smother,
Another shall rise 'mid the rocks of the
wild!

We leave the bright lotes that float on our
river,
And the narrow green margin, where youth
hath reposed;
Fate drives us—we sigh, but sigh vainly that
ever
Our eyes in a slumber less sweet should be
closed.

But while it comes over us, let us assemble
What once were not visions, but visions are
now,
Now love shall not torture, now hope shall
not tremble,
And the last leaf of myrtle still clings to the
brow.

In 1856, to Landor's great regret, he lost his faithful pet and companion of many years. Poor Pomero died and was buried beneath the spring flowers in the garden. There is a passage from a letter of Landor's which appears in his biography, very characteristic of the kindly nature of the turbulent, irascible, lion-hearted man. He writes:—

The cat lies day and night upon Pomero's grave, and I will not disturb her, kind creature, though I went to plant some violets upon it.

To my shame I confess that Pomero's noisy barking had been very disturbing and annoying to me at times, when rational conversation seemed preferable to his obstreperous play. But I shall never forget my first visit to the little drawing-room in Rivers Street after Pomero's death, the very silence of the room fell upon me like a reproach. And the sight of the old man himself in his loneliness, sitting so still and quiet in his armchair, without even the distraction of his noisy little friend, was infinitely pathetic! In repose Landor's countenance showed at best the habitually lofty nature of his thoughts, the sweetness and noble refinement of his soul. In recalling our old friend as I saw him then, in the last fading gleam of the summer evening, I am irresistibly reminded of Landor's own often-quoted and exquisite valedictory lines, the motto of his last book.

I strove with none, for none was worth the
strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature—Art.
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

From Longman's Magazine.
ON AUTOGRAPHS.

II.

IT was asserted in a former paper that the value attaching to the notes which chronicle the trivialities belonging to the lives of eminent men lies in the fact that we take the writers, as it were, unawares and in undress, catching them, like those who are made the victims of a detective camera, when altogether unconscious that they are sitting for their portrait, they have relaxed those efforts to appear at their best, which the least vain of mankind are accustomed, under like circumstances, to make. "I write not so much to give information," explained in such a note not long ago a modern master of style, "as to . . . illustrate in passing that I can get lost in grammar like a common man." And it is in such aberrations, in other matters besides grammar, that we hope to trace the natural tendencies of the writer when he has forgotten to pose for the public. But there are those with regard to whom such a hope would be vain. In the case, for example, of the author of

"Political Justice" — a note from whose hand, though not properly belonging to the collection of letters with which we are immediately concerned, we proceed to quote — we feel that it would be altogether impossible to take him by surprise, that each word, written or uttered, each trifling action he performed, was a carefully calculated and well-considered touch added to the portrait of himself, which he offered for the admiration of mankind and intended to bequeath to posterity. If we ourselves, now that the glamor which dazzled the eyes of his contemporaries is faded, consider that certain touches would have been better omitted, that is a matter of taste, and does not affect the intention with which they were applied; nor would it, we may be sure, have been Godwin's own opinion. His mistakes, if mistakes they were, were intentional and deliberate, never accidental.

Take, for instance, the note we give. It is only a complaint of having been twice turned away from the door of a friend upon whom he had intended to confer the honor of a visit; yet, in its tone of dignified reproach, of lofty self-respect mingled with proud humility, and of conscious rectitude, it is a work of art complete in itself, and one of which we observe that Godwin himself was careful to preserve a copy. It is the note of a man who feels the eyes of the world upon him, and cannot afford, even for a moment, to lose sight of his audience: —

"Dear Madam," he writes, addressing Mrs. Inchbald, "I have all my life been unwilling to put an ill-construction on an ambiguous action; and therefore, though I was sent away in somewhat of a rude manner from your door some months ago, I would not believe that anything unkind or unfriendly was intended. The repetition of the same thing last Monday seems to leave no room for doubt.

"One reason of my confidence was the clearness of my conscience and my perfect assurance that, since I last had the pleasure of seeing you, at Earl's Terrace and Lennard House, I had done nothing that could give you the slightest occasion for displeasure. Is it too much to ask what is my offence? My creed does not direct me to confess to a priest, but I am not the less anxious to stand discharged to my own conscience.

"I have had the happiness to know you five-and-twenty years, and in all that time I can fully acquit you of any capricious action towards me. Is it worth while to

change the tenor of your conduct towards me so late in the day? You, I have no doubt, can say with King Henry in the song 'God-a-mercy, I have a hundred as good as ever was he,' and therefore can part with me without compunction, but I must take up the exclamation of King James, 'Alas, woe is me, such another, England within, shall never be!' Give me leave to inscribe myself, with much regard and attachment, very faithfully yours."

It is the privilege of the artist to make capital out of his misfortunes. Godwin, we feel sure, as he laid the copy complacently away, derived, from the form into which he had thrown his reproaches, some consolation for the slight which had called them forth. Whether or not the desired effect was produced upon the culprit we have no means of ascertaining. Possibly, viewing the incident in the light of the letter from Mrs. Inchbald which follows, we are justified in concluding that those five-and-twenty years to which her correspondent makes his appeal may have been themselves the criminals, and her refusal to admit him the beginning of that system of isolation to which it points. It is the answer to an invitation to dinner, and runs thus: —

"MY DEAR SIR, — To any one who had not read the 'Prime of My Life,' I should be ashamed to say that which I am going to say to you.

"I no longer take pleasure in society, except in that homely society I see every day, and which (for in that consists my partiality) see *me every day*, and do not (I hope) see me grow old. I wish to be admired by *you*, and would not meet you in the street for twenty guineas, much less dine with you, I am of late so altered.

"You have tempted me beyond measure with your company, and if you would all consent to be blindfolded I might perhaps be prevailed on to come; but then I should be in agony for fear either you or Mr. Edeworth's bandage should drop off.

"My compliments to Mrs. Godwin. I am highly obliged by the assurances with which her invitation is adorned, but even my obligation will not induce me to become the foil of her youth in such excellent company. Adieu. When I am a little more accustomed to my old age I trust I shall feel the pang far less; till when I decline all visits but to those to whom I dare not trust the feelings I have revealed to you, because they detest all follies but their *own*. E. INCHBALD."

There it stands, carefully preserved by her confidant, an exhibition of human nature perhaps, but surely of human nature exaggerated to the point of caricature; a record of that vanity which carries its own chastisement, and which yet is not without a certain sordid pathos of its own. We are sorry for the woman who dared not face her friend's eyes lest she should read in them the reflection of her own decay. There is a singular mixture in it, too, of cowardice and of courage — of cowardice in yielding to the weakness and courage in avowing it. She would rather Godwin, philosopher though he were, should know her for a fool than for a woman past her prime. And who shall say that she was not the best judge? "Pan is dead, but Venus is grown old." We remember that the errant monk who, according to the legend, suffered the disenchantment of that revelation, returned with haste to his cloister, never to be troubled more by be-guiling visions.

If the letter does in truth furnish the explanation of the writer's refusal to receive Godwin's visits, the refusal itself, instead of the rebuff it would appear at first sight, is only another proof, where proofs abound, of the extraordinary estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries — an estimation so great that in Mrs. Inchbald's case she elected rather to cut herself off from his society altogether than run the risk of lessening the admiration she prized so highly. As one observes the conspiracy of adulation entered into by those who surrounded him, one is forced to acknowledge that it would have been a miracle indeed — and miracles were not in Godwin's line — had he succeeded in viewing himself in any other light than that in which they had agreed to regard him.

"This is a sad breach of punctilio," writes Sir Thomas Lawrence, after begging permission to change the day for which he had invited him to dinner, "but you must forgive it, sir, or you will give me a triumph. I shall say that you are less benevolent than I thought you were, and perhaps boast of finding one part of your character at least in which you are not different from common men."

Did the painter, one wonders, deliver himself of his graceful menace with a half smile and a shrewd suspicion that in one respect, at all events, though not that to which his words pointed, the invited guest was not exempt from the weaknesses of "common men?" The language of flattery was, no doubt, part of the elaborate

and somewhat stilted courtesy of the age, yet the amount of it which seems to have been administered to Godwin justifies us in assuming that it was more than usually welcome. The supply, in this case as in others, equals the demand, and the character of the homage offered at a shrine may fairly be regarded as furnishing some indication of the nature and tastes of the divinity within. And if this be so, the man whose acquaintance with his second wife was inaugurated by the exclamation on her part, "Is it possible that I behold the immortal Mr. Godwin himself?" was not likely, as his biographer hints, to be over fastidious as to the quality of the incense he received.

It is a relief, as we turn over the papers, to find Charles Lamb (in a letter which, being already printed, we do not give here) asserting himself so far as to inform his friend — though, as we feel, with tears in his eyes, and, as he says himself, with "trembling anxiety" — that he can make no exception, even in Godwin's favor, to the rule he had been compelled to lay down as to the exclusion of visitors in the forenoon. How necessary the regulation had been we infer from another note before us, in which, after saying that he had been "strangely hindered" in a work he had in hand, he proceeds to specify the nature of the hindrance. We, as we read, could wish it were stranger! "I set to it in earnest yesterday morning," he writes, "and rap-rap came a knock and one of the Lloyds (whom you know I love!) from Birmingham, and no more business could be done that day." The little ebullition of impatience gives the touch of nature which — in the matter of morning visitors at least — makes the least of us feel our kinship to Charles Lamb. For the spiritual descendants of the Lloyds of Birmingham still flourish and are mighty in the land, and others besides their then victim are, by their means, "strangely hindered" in whatever work they have set themselves to do.

On another occasion we find Lamb once more in a genuine fit of ill-humor, this time directed against Godwin himself. It is true his anger was not without justification. To be called upon — and that not once, but apparently again and again — to produce a manuscript which has not only been mislaid, but which, if discovered, would do no credit to the writer, is a test which might well try the most serene artistic temper, and that of Lamb had plainly not been proof against it.

"My dear sir," he writes in evident irritation, "I assure you positively that what I had begun to write about Chaucer was so inconsiderable that you could make no possible use of it. I have it not, and if I could recover it I should be extremely hurt to be obliged to show it you. I beg you to let the matter now rest, and unless you wish to tease and vex me, that you will not mention it again. I hoped that I had said enough before."

"Yours truly,
"C. LAMB."

And so, not surely in a characteristic mood, we leave Charles Lamb, returning to more recent times and to the order of the alphabet, from which we departed to set Godwin and his friends together in one group.

Here we find a letter from Mr. W. E. Greg, too lengthy to quote in its integrity, which, starting from the question of the expediency or the reverse of the recall of Lord Raglan, proceeds to the discussion of the wider issues the subject suggests. For a teacher who, in one department at least of speculative thought, was content to leave so much in doubt, he strikes us as somewhat intolerant of indecision or vacillation in matters temporal on the part of those whose difficult duty it is to guide the destinies of mankind. Possibly he failed to take into due account the positive inability to arrive at a decision with which some minds are afflicted. "You don't know how lazy I am!" replied the candid beggar when reproached with his idleness, and the plea is not without its fragment of a neglected truth. The laziness is a physical condition which it is necessary to include in the reckoning as any other factor. "You don't know how undecided I am!" would be the corresponding complaint of many a hard-pressed and equally candid politician. And the more conscientiously the endeavor is made to see all sides of a question the more paralyzed is action. Greg, however, has no doubts as to his own opinions.

After animadverting with severity upon the "permanent evil and difficulty of our administrative system—which is not to regard fitness in our appointments or unfitness in our dismissals—in fact, *never* to dismiss or recall," and after discussing at some length the reasons for the apparent difficulty experienced by ministers in making fit appointments, he proceeds to give his own views upon government.

"I believe," he writes, in allusion to the House of Commons, "I believe a bold and resolute minister might easily get the command of it. But, unfortunately, moral courage seems even more wanting among ministers than among senators. None of them seem to know how much safety there lies in daring. I incline to think that a really courageous premier might soon be independent of, or master of the House of Commons, just as a really honest and courageous member might soon make himself independent of, or master of his constituency. But," ends Mr. Greg regretfully, "the faith is wanting."

It is possible that some of the more timid amongst us may consider that the absence of that political faith which the writer deploras is not so much one of the pressing "Enigmas of Life" as its presence would be an omen and presage of "Rocks Ahead!" Mr. Greg's own ideal of government plainly approximates to that indicated by Mr. Kinglake, when—the historian of the war following close upon the heels of its critic—after acknowledging the gift of a photograph of the present czar, he adds, "it was a kind thought of yours to aid me in my somewhat wild desire to learn the prospects of Europe by consulting a face as an oracle."

We pass rapidly over the letters which follow, pausing to notice one from Lord Hardinge, in which the old soldier alludes to a prayer, "beautiful, simple, and touching," which his grandchildren are learning by heart; and another in which Sir John Herschel has quitted, for the moment, the contemplation of the stars to concern himself with sublunary matters, and, like Mr. Greg, is troubled by the shortcomings of statesmen.

Kingsley, too, as he comes before us here, strikes the same note of dissatisfaction though in his case the cause is different. He wishes he could see more of his correspondent and gain from him "some of that purity of taste which I find it so difficult to keep up in this 'spasmodic' and tawdry age of Pre-raphaelitism. . . . In these confused days one takes refuge more and more with those who, in addition to cultivated minds, keep their chivalry and old-fashioned high principle."

He is not the first, nor will he be the last, who has desired to destroy the tree and retain the fruit. There is something of poetical justice in the lamentation of the foe of mediævalism over the chivalry which was one of its products.

Another, and a very different philosopher, follows. George Cornwall Lewis

writes, dealing with the question of punishment temporal and eternal. Slight and cursory as is his treatment of the subject, there is something in the tone of his letter which inclines us, possibly unfairly, to class the mood in which it was written as one of those in which the problems which have been matters of life-and-death importance to generation after generation of mankind serve only as riddles and acrostics upon which to exercise ingenuity or sharpen wit.

"I can't admit," he says, "that *retaliation* has properly anything to do with punishment by men. It may be considered the principle of eternal punishment by God, inasmuch as here the punishment bears no proportion to the offence, and is much severer than is requisite for prevention. However, Warburton and those who agree with him, lay great stress upon the preventive effects of posthumous punishment, and argue that without a religion based on the hope of heaven and the fear of hell society could not hold together."

Quitting the domain of philosophy, we enter on the next page upon the higher (or lower) province of art.

There are few attitudes of mind more characteristic than that of the artist towards his own work. The spirit of insincere or half-sincere depreciation; the genuine and in some cases paralyzing humility; the astonishing hopefulness in the face of failure, or the corresponding undue despondency; the self-appreciation, distinct from conceit, and the serene confidence of merit—all these are to be met with at any time in the artistic world. It is not easy for the literary man to steer clear of the dangers which beset him, whether, as so frequently happens in the case of the artist who writes not for his public but for the love of his art, he suffers to an undue extent, as years go by, from the "critical fastidiousness which time teaches and never satisfies"—the quotation is from a letter of Lord Houghton's which lies before us—or whether—and this is the peculiar temptation of fortune's favorites—having found his audience over-indulgent, he learns to treat it with contempt, and to consider anything and everything good enough to be thrown to the dog who is waiting for its bone. It would be well, in this latter case, that he should bear in mind that, in forgetting what is due to his public he forgets also what is due to himself, and, to make use of a somewhat finely drawn theological distinction, that if the brute creation can claim no rights with regard to its master, man, yet that it in no

wise follows that man is thereby exempted from duties towards it.

In the service of art, as in another service, the laborer may well feel that, when all is done, he is but an unprofitable servant; but there are nevertheless degrees and differences in the amount and quality of the service rendered which a wise man, no less in his own case than in that of others, cannot but recognize; and when we shall have arrived at his genuine estimate of his own work, we shall be some way advanced towards the formation of a true estimate of himself.

The difficulty, and it is no imaginary one, is to get at his opinion of it at all. If he thinks well of his performance he is also apt to think it well to disguise his favorable opinion; if, on the other hand, in his heart he thinks ill of it, he is not unlikely to adopt a tone by which, having failed to impose upon himself, he yet hopes to perform the less difficult feat of imposing upon the world. It has become a truism—one of those truisms which are only partially true—that a man is accepted at his own valuation, and it is no doubt a temptation to which many succumb to try how far the dictum holds good. The generality of mankind are more eager to defend their reputations, literary or other, when they have a lurking suspicion that they do not merit defence, and to cry up their wares when a misgiving assails them that they are of doubtful value.

But whether or not what the writer says of his own work is always to be accepted as the accurate expression of his inner conviction, his attitude towards it, his manner of accepting failure or success, of receiving commendation or criticism or blame, is not uninteresting in itself.

Here, for instance, is a letter which affords not a little insight into the character of the writer:—

"Some time ago," he says, "I got a very kind and most gratifying letter from you on the subject of my volume. . . . I ought to have acknowledged it sooner, for I felt and still feel that such a testimony in my favor, from a truth-speaking man . . . outweighs a hundred reviews, and I have some thoughts of having it framed and glazed and hung up opposite to me as a set-off against the obliquities of the periodical press, which, if it sometimes found fault in the right place, and nothing more, would, I think, be far better entitled to our thanks than when it picks out our worst things for our best or damns us with faint praise. The recollection of having

touched a sympathetic chord in the heart of one who deservedly stands so high . . . will continue to shield me against all the arrows that Malice or Ignorance may draw from their quivers."

One wonders what would have been the consequence had the one "truth-speaking man" blamed and the hundred reviews praised. But in the mean time, recognizing how the arrows of malice and ignorance had stung and rankled, we are glad that their victim had found some salve for the wounds they inflicted.

A more cheerful letter, which has been printed elsewhere, follows. The public has been kind to Macaulay. His "Lays," have met with an unexpected success, and he is not above enjoying it, although modestly ascribing the favorable verdict of the world to the fact that a failure had been anticipated. We should be inclined to ascribe it to another cause. The public is generally kind to those who can dispense with its kindness, and it was not impossible on this principle that it treated Lord Macaulay so well. His estimate, whether altogether candid or not, has, in the case at least of his verse, been endorsed by posterity.

A curious example of diffidence follows, on the part of a greater man than Macaulay. Reading it, one is tempted to think that the humility expressed is so great that it would have taken a saint—but who shall say that the writer was not one?—not to be proud of it! John Henry Newman—not yet cardinal—has often wished to send his correspondent a book of his own, but though he had published various works had thought none of them likely to be acceptable.

"Now, however," he continues, "I thought I would run the risk, and send you the small volume [of verses] I was publishing, though it was a bold step. . . . With so much diffidence did I do so that I first put down your name in the list I sent to my publishers, then took it off, and ultimately changed my mind and restored it. I am indeed fortunate to have persisted in my intention. I have gained a great and unexpected reward, both in the kind way in which you received it and in the words with which you have accompanied your acknowledgment. I assure you they are not thrown away upon me, and that I am with great sincerity yours gratefully,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

And last of these letters, comes the following. It is that of a man not otherwise
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than humble, but yet who was not without faith in himself; and in the light of the oblivion which has fallen upon the writer, contains a pathos of its own:—

"To me it appears," he says, "that the desire for fame, 'that last infirmity of noble minds,' weakens as we grow older; the 'fit audience' day by day is diminished; the men we cared for, and who cared for us, are shaken down, or fallen into the yellow leaf, deaf to the charmer, charm he never so wisely.

"You were happy in winning renown when you were young; while those whom you looked up to hailed with joy your rising, while, perhaps, your parents might be living to be proud of your reputation.

"But for me, if the poem I am now finishing should be well reputed of, what remains? Some two or three eminent men . . . to speak kindly of me! A few remaining brothers and sisters! and for the rest,

I fruitless mourn to them who cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

Here is something touching about the anticipation of a success which is doomed to be unshared; and possibly it is not the less so because the event proved the regret unnecessary. He need not have troubled himself. Over the grave—it shall be an anonymous one—of his literary reputation, the melancholy old epitaph might fitly be inscribed:—

Whether he laughed, whether he cried,
Nobody smiled, nobody sighed.
Where he is and how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares.

It has probably occurred to most of us at times that we should like to have a hand in the redistribution of success, as of other kinds of worldly commodities. But that being denied to us, it is well to remember for our consolation that one refuge, unique in its absolute security, ever remains open to those to whom contemporaneous opinion has refused fame, that there is one court to which their appeal can always be carried, and that—and this is not among the least of its advantages—it is one of which the verdict will never be pronounced till they are safely out of hearing.

It is a curious coincidence that, almost next to Macaulay's cheerful recognition of his own success, comes another and a very different estimate of him from that which the kindly public had seen fit to form.

"It has occurred to me," writes John

Stuart Mill, "since our conversation about Macaulay, that you might like to see a specimen of his statesmanship in India. I therefore send you a draft of a despatch to India, prepared by myself, on one of his measures. The authorities at this house went entirely with me, but Hobhouse would not; the thing dropped, and nothing has been written to India on the subject at all.

"Do not think that a style so controversial as that of this paper is what I think desirable, or what I generally practise in official correspondence; it is by no means so, but this paper was written in ill-health, in the domestic distress of last year, and I may add *against time*, having to be written before I could get away, to go abroad for my health. I left it in hands quite capable of moderating the tone, and altering what seems polemical in its character; and we often find it necessary to write our despatches *first* for effect *here*, upon the directors and the India Board, and *afterwards* shape them into something more suitable to the dignity of official authority exercised *over* gentlemen *by* gentlemen.

"In any case you will sympathize in the annoyance of one who, having for years (contrary to the instincts of his own nature, which are all for *rapid* change) assisted in nurturing and raising up a system of cautious and deliberate measures for a great public end, and having been rewarded with a success quite beyond expectation, finds them upset in a week by a coxcombical dilettante litterateur who never did a thing for a practical object in his life.

"Ever yours,
"J. S. MILL."

Again, passing on, we meet with an abrupt transition. "It must have been a very bold ghost!" The remark recurs to our memory as one or two words in the letter, from Miss Martineau, which comes next in order, catch our eye. We are too much inclined to look at all subjects from a selfish point of view, and perhaps the terrors which might be occasioned to a wanderer from the kingdom of spirits by a meeting with one of the strong-minded fellowship, to whom his presence might appear in the light of an audacious and unwarranted refutation of their theories, has not been sufficiently taken into account. However that may be, should Miss Martineau have experienced such a visitation, which of us is safe? But we look again and are reassured. It was by a ghost no more substantial, to speak para-

doxically, than that of a conversation by which she found herself confronted, and the apparition is only incidentally mentioned in a letter of which the main interest lies in the drowning experience of a certain Captain Beaufort, supplemented by an analogous one on the part of Lord Houghton.

"When my friend, Mr. R. M. Milnes, came to see me lately," Miss Martineau writes, "I asked him how I could get at the letter written by Captain Beaufort to Wollaston (on the subject of his drowning sensations), without troubling Captain B., who is about the busiest man of my acquaintance. Mr. Milnes said that he could tell me all that was in the letter; and then told me that in a moment of utmost danger, by a fall of his horse, his feelings had been precisely similar. His foot was entangled in the stirrup, and while his head was among the horse's feet, and jerked along the road, and he had given up all idea of surviving, he not only *saw* his home when the tidings of his death should be made known there, but *saw* what Captain Beaufort describes—the whole of his life, with its minutest incidents, before him as in a map or picture. His state of feeling was also like Captain B.'s; he viewed these things, as it were, purely *intellectually*—'without hope or fear, or sense of responsibility.' (I believe these are Captain B.'s words; they are Mr. Milnes's.)"

It was with a ghost of this conversation with Mr. Milnes which, on opening a book after his departure, she met, and she further proceeds to quote like experiences of her own, suffered in dreams. The idea of Miss Martineau dreaming, whether asleep or awake, strikes one as somewhat incongruous. Her brain was not surely the stuff which dreams are made of, and we are tempted to think that, as in the case of the ghost, it must have been a bold dream by which she was visited. The story has been related of a dream gone astray which, like a misdirected letter, reached the wrong person. One can only hope that in Miss Martineau's case such a mistake never occurred, and that it was only by visions specially adapted for such a destiny, well considered, carefully chosen, and of which the events were arranged in due and logical sequence, that her slumbers were invaded. But to proceed with her letter. "Is there not," she continues, "an approach to such an experience under all circumstances of known personal danger—and in proportion to

the urgency of the danger—allowing for difference of faculty? I am disposed to think so, after a pretty ample experience of such peril in my travels. I imagine it not to be a sensation singular in kind but only in degree; though perhaps scarcely to be recognized as such, under such prodigious augmentation as the urgency of the excitement may occasion. It now occurs to me that a friend of mine was barely saved from drowning. I will ask him. What struck me in his case was, that the thought of his child seemed to him to bring the blood from the brain back to the heart, and nerved his limbs for one more struggle—which was seen from the shore, and he was saved."

There is something in this last narrated experience of yet another of that bevy of friends who appear to have been rescued from imminent destruction in order to contribute their quota of evidence to Miss Martineau's stock of information, which appeals to us more than the rest. As an American author has said, there are persons who have no right to die—though not unfrequently they disregard their responsibilities and take it.

Before quitting the M.s and concluding this paper, we catch a glimpse of Macready at Sherborne, and perceive that the eminent actor has not, in the retirement of his later years, forgotten or wholly disused the exercise of his art. Possibly, indeed, the part he has now elected to perform is not the easiest of those he has played. For it is to keep Christmas merrily!

"I strive," he writes on Christmas day, 1857, "to make Christmas as old-fashioned as its old customs teach... Our old-fashioned house is garnished with holly and mistletoe, the yule-log burns upon the hearth, the wassail-bowl is attempted, and in place of carols Milton's hymn to the nativity is repeated by the children at night as a regular Christmas celebration. But I will not detain you with the account of our rusticities. 'Time is our tedious' tale 'should have an ending.'"

"Always and sincerely yours,
"W. C. MACREADY."

Writing in the middle of the performance, he does not inform us whether his own remarkable histrionic powers, coupled with the attention evidently bestowed upon details—the wassail-bowl, etc.—had made a success of the piece. It is, at all events, an enterprise which others with fewer natural advantages will scarcely be encouraged to attempt.

I. A. TAYLOR.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

BEFORE EMANCIPATION IN THE DUTCH WEST INDIES.

"THE poet," said somebody recently, "is more than man; the gipsy, less." The world outlives both, so it's hard to say which has the advantage. The laws anent vagabondism are daily being more strictly enforced in both hemispheres; and we elder Bohemians look back somewhat regretfully on the old days when we roamed pretty well at our own sweet will over certain parts of the newer continent; when we did *not* do the herring-pond in six days; when alien legislation was as yet unborn; and when the British public still consumed sugar which was not conjured out of rags and bones and all their next of kin. We did things perhaps more lethargically then; or, at least, a little less electrically. The "Ocean Sea" that chilled the hearts of the little Huelvan expedition in the sixteenth century, had a few terrors still for us. We traversed it in six weeks. But I think we had our compensations. We had time to look upon the ever-marvellous sea; one day sweet, and calm, and gently blue, like the eye of an English child; the next green, deep, and strong, panting with heaving bosom, or moaning like a colossal soul in sorrow; or, in the grey moonlight, rocking itself to and fro in the clear starlit air, keeping time with faultless, unmerciful beat to the death chant of its victims. Seeing day by day this mighty ocean, the feverish earnestness of its upheavings, the pure dispassion of its calm, one felt strength come unto one from that almighty symbol of the strong. One was, I think, prepared to wend on the worldly way, not unconscious of the mystery nor of the holiness of living.

I was a very young fellow when I first went out to Surinam. I have not been what I call "a very young fellow" for, anyhow, fifty years now, so that the survey I am taking is a fairly comprehensive one. Plantation life did not then hold out anything very seductive to my imagination. I considered cotton one of the planet's least romantic necessities. But it had been decided in family council, firstly, that some one ought to go out and work the place; secondly, that this some one ought to be myself. So I shipped from Hull to Rotterdam, and thence, per Hollander to Paramaribo.

Though I had left home with much the air of a new Alexander, I believe I had a frightful "heimweh." But that had time to wear off on board, so that only a violent curiosity was in the ascendant when, after

about a day and a half's "pea-soup," we sighted the monotonous shores of Dutch Guiana. Paramaribo in those days was rather different from now. The wharves were in appearance much the same as at present; and the smoothly sanded streets, with their rows of orange and lime trees, were grateful then as now. But, except that Grav Straat was adorned with some large and not untasteful wooden mansions, very few of the modern private streets of the capital were in existence fifty years ago. In my early days planters lived more on the plantations than they do now. One feature of the Paramaribo of half a century ago has almost disappeared from the scene — the stores, which used to fringe the plain for a considerable distance. Of course we had to have big supplies on hand on plantation, both for the gang and for the house; and all our wants were supplied from those stores. They were "universal providers." As the wife of a long-dead governor told me when I was new to it, they sent out "everything from a ball-gown to a coffin." All the tools, requisites for machinery, and medicines; all our provisions — kegs of salt beef and dried fish, barrels of biscuit, casks of brandy, flour, tobacco, and cigars; our gunpowder and our Canadian ice; our white drill and flannels, and Panama hats, and the regulation strips of colored calico, of which the gang's rather scrimp "get up" consisted, came to us through these stores. (Parenthetically let it be understood that our house servants were completely and gaily attired, although the field hands were very nearly *in puris naturalibus*.) Nowadays big planters get such supplies as they want direct from the States and Europe; the ladies' millinery comes out from Amsterdam and Paris; and the few stores are but relics of the past. Government House, one of the first conspicuous objects that meets the eye from the river, is little changed. It is a fine structure of the kind, with, perhaps, more of an English than a Dutch look. A pleasant, airy ball-room has been added to it. The other houses in the neighborhood were and are mostly owned by planters down river, and by official people.

I can remember wondering, as we neared, which roof it was that should have the honor of sheltering me for the time I should be in town before going down coast. Presently, our manager, Fles, boarded, and greeted me in atrocious English. Possibly guessing that my Dutch would have been more atrocious still had I been obliged to attempt it, the Dutch friends of

my people had considerably sent along with him a clerk from the lawyer's office, whose business had necessitated his picking up a slight knowledge of the British tongue. This knowledge appeared to me to be of the schoolgirl French type, which is generally found impossible on reaching Calais. With them was the mulatto boy, George, who was to be my servant. While Fles, the clerk, and I aired our linguistic attainments, George did interpreter every now and then in Negro-English, until I found I understood him better than anybody, and that he and I got along beautifully. At home I had picked up a smattering of several languages, and this Negro-English, so simple in its delicious jumble of all tongues under the sun — Spanish, English, Dutch, French, African, and Tamil, all beautifully grammarless and inflectionless — charmed me as the very language of vagabondism. To the end of my connection with the colony, people who could not talk English or French with me had just to put up with Negro-English, which was understood by everybody, black and white. Even the governor's wife, whose eyes and diamonds rivalled each other, did me that gracious condescension. She had forgotten her French verbs and had never learnt English ones, and Dutch — that language of the pigsty — I neither could nor would talk.

This George of whom I speak, had a history and an uncommonly fine figure. By some chance or other his father was a white man who had been captain of a coaster between Cayenne and the Essequibo. This person had several times seen his son, and was industriously saving enough to buy him of our manager, when his ship went down one dark night on the reefs at the mouth of the Saramaca. In accordance with the Dutch West Indian custom with regard to mulattoes, George was not put in the field, but trained as a house servant. A more perfect valet and waiter was not to be found in Europe. It is a pleasant feeling to me now to remember that George had not to wait for emancipation to get his free papers.

One of the many things that surprised me a good deal that first week in Paramaribo happened one evening after dinner. My host and I were smoking in the gallery, when up rushed three or four young men, pushed unceremoniously aside the glass swings, helped themselves liberally to cigars and tobacco, and laughingly decamped. These, I was informed, were the patrols — gentlemen of Paramaribo who, in relays, guarded the streets a certain

number of hours in the night. I began to see that a slave colony had its drawbacks. Precaution of that sort is troublesome. A few days later I had another surprise — a more revolting one. I had gathered from stray gossip an inkling of what I guessed to be a sort of tragedy coming off. But my bad Dutch misled me. Early one morning, however, an appalling din of drums, tom-toms, and kettles awoke me and my curiosity together. My boy informed me: "One ningere be raati, masra." After a deal of misunderstanding I arrived at the fact that a negress was about to be burnt alive. For a minute or two I was horror-struck. The din grew apace. From the quarter whence came the frightful row, I concluded that the miserable creature was to be immolated on the Savannah. George, with a more than usually extended grin, announced that, "if masra no wantee him, him courree see and daree (tell) masra." "Oh! go and be hanged, you brute," I shouted, pitching at his handsome head the first thing within reach. He was outside like a lightning-flash. A minute later a large smile irradiated the threshold of the apartment, and with a "gran tangee, mi masra," he vanished. Thereafter, from my window I could see him and some of the house servants escorting with much gallantry three or four of my hostess's dusky, turbaned handmaids to the scene of entertainment. Shortly before breakfast George reappeared in my room. His grins were most persuasive, but I would not be wheedled into open inquisitiveness. At last, putting a few deftly finishing touches to the smoothing out of a pair of white unmentionables, he ejaculated with a frenzied roll of the eyes: "Her raati, masra, done raati. Her todo (killed) one pekin ningere and madee brafo" — then disappeared, probably in anticipation of a collision with the book I held in my hand. I afterwards learned that the woman had been a plantation slave a little way down river. She was a pure African, of a tribe addicted to cannibalism. This tendency had so far overcome the wretch, that she decoyed the infant of another negress a little way into the bush, killed it, and brought home and cooked the little body. She invited the mother, among others of the women, to share the soup, and it was asserted that the poor mother was the first to suspect. The infamous woman was brought up to town, tried, and condemned to be burnt alive.

The Dutch government was formerly very severe in its sentences. These are

now, of course, very much moderated, emancipation having put an end to much of the necessity for the old condition of things. Shortly before my arrival in the colony, three men were condemned to be burnt in presence of the governor and suite. They were the ringleaders of a band of colored conspirators who had attempted to set fire to some stores on the plain with the object of putting Paramaribo in conflagration, and had thus earned the penalty imposed by the Dutch law against incendiaries. With the last movement of their swollen tongues they mingled their curses on the white men with the rattling tattoo of the government drums.

I was not sorry to find myself, after a considerable stay in town, in a tent-boat on the Saramaca, *en route* for plantation. The country watered by the Saramaca is generally flat, and the landscape possesses few objects of interest. But the glory of the scene is supplied by the gorgeous vegetation. All along the river-course its shores are lined with brilliant labyrinths of cacti and algaroba, while high above their masses of glowing color floats the delicious green shade of the palm-branches, whose graceful shafts shoot up, glistening and straight, amid the huge trunks of a multitude of forest giants. Every here and there a vista of canal opens up a fresh avenue of floral magnificence and variety of foliage. Through the tropical haze of the lime-perfumed atmosphere the brilliant bodies of the scarlet flamingoes rock and sway in the marshy shallows amid the blinding sunshine, for in the distance their legs are discernible. In the radiance of the shafts of golden light that penetrate the green forest fastnesses, myriads of birds, great and small, dart and gyrate their dazzling forms in the scintillating ray-stream. Only now and then the rippling trail of a water-snake is cast alongside the boat, or the lily-laden surface of the river is disfigured by the hideous jaw bone that belongs to nothing in the world but the alligator.

We were about half a day's journey down river, when, suddenly, and with great alacrity, the negro boatmen put about and backed into the nearest creek. This, I found, was to avoid the passing of the leprosy-boat — with its heavily flapping white sails and black awnings — on its way from town to the leprosy grounds. On a future occasion I was to have the privilege of visiting that beautiful abode of loathsomeness, and receiving the hospitality of the devoted fathers who had re-

tired there. The work of the priest in charge of this Dutch leper asylum was hardly such as that of father Damien at Molokai, for here the clergyman had his own residence, apart in a certain degree from contagion, although within the grounds. Cure of a disease, then universally supposed to be incurable, was never attempted. But the comfort of the unhappy creatures was carefully and kindly ministered to, and the pastor preached to them from the flower-enwreathed terrace. Direct contact with his afflicted flock was not desired — nor even sanctioned — by his authorities. Yet I have heard of many cases of true heroism on the part of those brave sons of the Church who have voluntarily chosen such a pastorate. We had more than once our own contribution of putrefying living humanity to send to that lovely garden land. On one occasion I noticed one of the women of the gang lounging about the quarters with her hand wrapped in raw cotton, and remarked upon it to one of the overseers. He nodded gravely; feared she'd have to go; and so in a day or two she did. I was really grieved at the loss in the same way of a bright little mulatto of fourteen, who used to be in the cookery. He was such a funny little chap; had taught my monkeys and parrots enough tricks to have made my fortune had I turned showman, and with his inimitable mimicry used to keep in fits the men who came down from town to see me. I noticed the lobes of his ears begin to swell; presently other symptoms followed, and Chicory had to go.

Strangely enough, however, I never felt the loathing of this disease — possibly because I am unacquainted with it in the advanced stage — that I did of that horrible elephantiasis. This is peculiar to mulattoes; pure blacks rarely get it. Surinam people insisted that it was commoner in Demerara than anywhere else. As to that I cannot positively say. Certainly the worst case I ever saw was in Demerara; and it is associated in my memory with the biggest act of cowardice I have ever committed. I had been out about three years when business took me to Curaçoa and to a place on the Venezuelan coast. The ship by which I returned had Georgetown for her destination. As I could do business there also, that suited me well enough; and I trusted to finding an early vessel going down coast. When we put in at Georgetown, the place looked as if everybody was dead. Closed *jalousies*, silent streets, hardly a soul, black or white, to be seen. I went to the hotel I

always had put up at when there. My hostess, a mulatto woman (freed mulatto women used to be great at hotel-keeping in the three Guianas) at once let me know the reason. There was a plague of small-pox in the town. People had it by hundreds and were dying by scores. I ruminated a little while in the shade of the hotel gallery. Presently the clinking of a glass or something drew my attention to the verandah opposite. There, seated at one of the small tables, rum-besotted and repulsive, was the most fearful case of elephantiasis I ever saw. The limbs were of an awfulness beyond description; the trunk a bloated mass. A scare took hold of me. Remember, these were the days before the very strict enforcement of vaccination; and I had seen a victim or two in England. My mirror and my common sense told me I was not an Adonis. But I was a fresh English lad, upon whom even the climate of Guiana had had comparatively little effect, and — well, I had my hostess in again. She had a grievance, I remember. In a depressing state of things she had forgotten she lived in a British colony, had struck a saucy negress, and was now herself smarting under the consequent five-dollar fine. However, she was able to tell me of the captain of a little coaster who might be persuaded to drop me down at our creek as fast as could be, and next afternoon saw me on Santa Sarita. Months after I looked rather ruefully at the detailed item chronicled in the plantation books.

While on the subject of mulatto hostesses — we had a treasure in our Miss Susie at Paramaribo. The most surprising dinners in the most surprisingly short time could that talented manageress send you in. Her house was perfect. The polished floors were an invitation to vanity. The huge beds, with their multitudinous down pillows and ample mosquito-net, were castles of indolence. No doctor could surpass Miss Susie in the knowledge and treatment of diseases peculiar to the colony. The colored women used to be vastly learned in simples. I have known many of them who, as herbalists, deserved diplomas. Rare was the case of snake-poisoning, sunstroke, or fever, to which Miss Susie was unequal. I myself owe much to her of a magnificent recovery from an attack of that fiend of the Guiana coast — Yellow Jack. Still my case retires before the experience of a young Englishman fresh out from Dorsetshire some forty-five years ago. His people owned an estate in the colony, and, like myself,

on him had fallen the lot of representing his family among the Hollanders. He had only been a week or two in Paramaribo when he took malignant fever. We were then atrociously off for doctors — not so much as to number — for I can recollect two or three impecunious Dutchmen, and a clever but coca-eating Spaniard. An American, however, Sladen by name — about the coarsest piece of human nature you can imagine, and of heathenish ignorance — had contrived to secure the practice of the town. He was called in to see young Fielding, whose fever by this time had reached, as is not uncommon in the tropics, the coma stage. Sladen tramped up to the bed, looked at the poor young fellow lying there far from a loving home, and interjected, amid the frequent results of tobacco-chewing, "There's a gone coon! I'll just tell them to send up 'is box fur ye, Miss Susie." The box, *alias* coffin, soon arrived; they keep such things on hand in lands where Yellow Jack unfurls his flag. But, meanwhile, Miss Susie and a couple of negro women had shut themselves into that chamber which Sladen had thought the chamber of death. Three hours after they came out, wearied but radiant, and in a few days more Fielding sent back that box to the store. What the remedial measures were we never knew, Fielding could only recollect drops being forced between his teeth, and submitting dreamily to a vigorous massage. But I do know that the next time Fielding and I came home we hunted through Regent Street and Bond Street, and found no finery too good for Miss Susie's black but comely face and figure.

When I got settled on the plantation I found several arrangements which occupied my attention considerably — and which were very different from the present order of things — though plantation life is a stagnant enough form of existence under any government or code. In these pre-emancipation days we had no coolies to deal with, and no petty courts to hold us in awe if we were tempted to slap an insolent nigger. In justice to the Dutch one must add that wanton cruelty on the part of a slave-owner was promptly punished whenever it came to the ears of government. Apart from all reasons of humanity, I never could understand a man's deliberately damaging his own property. Certainly the annals of slavery prove that brutality could reach that insensate degree. Personally, I met with very little occasion for severity. When I went down I found a contented, well-fed

gang of over two hundred in the fields, and a better set of house servants than I have ever been served by at home. In addition to those there were a few super-annuated negroes who eked out their days in the capacity of huntsman, fisherman, poultryman, sick-houseman, and such like — for we never sold our aged hands on Santa Sarita. There were also some half score watchmen, whose duty it was to attend to the sluice-gates which regulated the irrigation of the cotton-fields and held in check the stealthy waters of the vast mud-flats of the Surinam coast; those slow, hungry waters that creep onward and onward, and rise ever higher and higher with the incoming tide, longing to lave all vegetation with their brackish, weedy waves.

And then the babies! an army of them. Yellow, sandy babies all over the quarters; fluffy babies in the cotton-drying houses; slimy babies in the duck pond; sticky babies, all over molasses, in the cookery; shrieking, laughing babies in the verandahs and galleries; babies everywhere, sable studies of the nude, fattened up and Nixey-polished and slippery-bodied like eels. To a youngster as I was then, their little crops of curls, not unlike the wool of a black highland lamb, were the queerest things to finger. Perhaps it was that the place had been so long without a resident master, or perhaps that other masters did not find the fascination I did in these infantile African heads; but the mothers vastly appreciated my attention to the "pekininnies" as being a rare compliment.

By and by I got used to babies all over the place; but there was one sight I never did get used to — three poor black wretches in chains; great, heavy iron chains, riveted solidly on ankles and wrists; two men and one woman. About a year before my going out a very cleverly laid scheme of flight had been put in practice by nine negroes along shore — three of ours, four of the neighboring plantation gang, and two from a cocoa estate further southward. The runaways had neither compass to guide them nor any geographical instinct as to the "lay" of the land. They made their bold effort with the intention of making for "Freeman's Ground," Demerara; but took just the opposite direction, got caught in Cayenne, and handed over to the Dutch government, who restored them, chained for life, to their owners. Now, these chains I dared not, by the law under which I lived, strike off. How I hated the sight of the mute misery

of these unhappy slaves as they toiled up and down the long rows of the cotton-field, under a Surinam sun, mind, and did day after day the same work that their unshackled companions found heavy enough. Many a time have I shirked the morning ride round the fields, and sorely tried Fles's patience, by insisting instead on going over mechanically some details in the books that weeks before I had mastered. Or I would try to delude myself into the belief that a Dutch paper must be revised before being despatched for town, although I knew that I wrote Dutch intelligible enough, notwithstanding my conversational escapades. At last a charming visitor I had down from town helped me. She was a lovely girl, of Spanish family settled in Cayenne, and she had just married my particular chum in Paramaribo — an Englishman holding official position under Dutch government, and a *persona grata* with both the governor and his delightful wife. They had come to pass a little time with me. I could not prevent her seeing the unfortunates. She was a brilliant, energetic girl, bent on seeing everything, very different from the heavy Dutch women who were my neighbors. As I had expected, she was horror-struck. She vowed to help me devotedly — notwithstanding that her husband would only see the legal side of the thing. The landrost, or deputy-governor, of our district lived just up coast a bit. He and I were on friendly enough terms. He was still garçon, and nothing if not gallant. My fair visitor and I joined our diplomatic heads in blackest conspiracy. We called upon the landrost, and had him down at dinner and to breakfast; on which occasions I took my solemnest oath to George to suspend him instantly from the tallest cocoanut-tree if everything was not fit for Epicurus himself. When we considered that the Dutchman had arrived at a sufficiently advanced state of infatuation, my sweet abettor approached business. What was even a Dutchman to do? He could not refuse the lady to unfetter at least the woman; and before my Vivien unloosed him from her spell, he had been lured into promising his intercession with the governor with regard to the men. One month thereafter I had the magnificent pleasure of standing within the torrid zone of the sooty plantation smithy, and seeing filed asunder the manacles those three human beings had worn day and night for nearly six years. As the horrid gyves fell with resonant clanking on the floor, the tears flowed in torrents down the negroes' dusky cheeks; their lips trembled so that

articulate words could not come. I told them I could never have done it for them; and when Mrs. Palgrave next came down, the whole gang gave her such an ovation we feared the military would turn out from the nearest outpost thinking we had an *émeute*.

Once we ourselves had a runaway to shelter. Old Tonio, our huntsman, found him half dead on the edge of the bush, and with the help of some of the others got him up to the sick-house. He was in a fearful condition; but we had him fed up a bit, and, when better, he told me that he had run away from a bad overseer in Cayenne, but that his strength had failed him and he had only managed to reach us on his way to British Guiana. Slave-owner though I was myself, it did make a man feel proud to think that his was the country under whose flag every human creature was free. I was thinking how I should tell this luckless negro that, by the laws under which I held my land, I was bound to give him up to the authorities, when George appeared, looking savage enough, and wanting to speak to masra. Three government servants had come to take our refugee to town. Negroes going and coming from neighboring properties must have carried the news of his being with us until it reached the ears of some official. Discretion is the last virtue of the black man. I saw the men, freed mulattoes, and enjoined merciful treatment of the fugitive, who was most grateful for the kindness he had received. He told me that when he got back to his place he would be very shamefully entreated. Starvation used, I believe to be a feature of the French system of slave punishment. But it had not been such a good year with us, and I could not accede to his request to buy him, for I was still much under super-vision financially.

That the negro loves a dance is to every one a fact of ancient history. Our people were given a grand one to celebrate my first arrival on plantation; and that dance so delighted my own youthful heart with its juggernaut music of fiddles, banjos, pot-lid cymbals, and ear-splitting drum (improvised out of the hollow stump of a tree with a sheepskin stretched across) that I hardly ever had friends down from town without treating them to a gang dance. The scene was not without its own beauty as, in the clear tropical night we sat in the galleries, fanned by a soft breeze from the shore, and watched the not ungraceful evolutions of the sable bodies, treading, torch in hand, their, to us, be-

wildering mazes. A bonfire of the torches and a dole of rum finished off the treat — always before it became too prolonged. I don't think we ever caused any one trouble through these little festivities — although, regarding them, a surly neighbor who was notorious for his difficulties with his gang, used to remonstrate more forcibly than politely with me. On one occasion we narrowly escaped getting ourselves into a mess. I had a good many people, nearly all English, visiting me, when, just before dinner, somebody remembered that it was the birthday of our good and gracious, and then youthful queen. In accordance with plantation law a couple of big guns stood mounted on carriages outside the portico, ready in case of an insurrection of the slaves. It was proposed to fire three salvos in our sovereign lady's honor. No sooner said than done. Amid much effervescence of British loyalty the three volleys resounded far and wide through the still air of the quickly fading West Indian twilight. In another moment George was at my side. "Masra, three guns a signal; quick, masra, another!" A minute more, and another shot was echoing along the coast, assuring the soldiers of the barracks some miles up that there was no rising on Santa Sarita.

It was not until some four years after this that the famous Wyaba revel took place. A rich and grabbing old cocoa-planter further in the interior died, leaving all the property of which he was possessed to three nephews at home in "Ould Ireland" — all cousins — whom he had never seen. After some time the three heirs — O'Hara, Grady, and Hannan — came out to view their inheritance, resolved on having a rattling good time. I met them first in town, where they had got to know everybody; went to the ball at Government House on the king of Holland's birthday, and by the fascination of their dare-devil "go," had sent all the nicest girls in Paramaribo off their heads. When they had done about enough *outré* things there, they got tired of town and came down to formally talk over their estate. It was quite in accordance with colonial custom, seeing that they had received so much hospitality, for them to have a big gathering on this occasion, and invite all the jolliest people they had met. And I will say the Irishmen entertained us royally. Theirs was a very big plantation, working a gang nearly double ours — but a dull, underfed, scurvy lot. It was part of the programme that these people were to have a dance. Such a thing had never

been heard of in "old masra's" time, and I don't believe a single pair of legs in that black company knew how to set about kicking out — nigger legs though they were. Poor souls! their days, as long as they could remember, had been passed from earliest morn till latest eve, dragging everlastingly across and across these monotonous cocoa-grounds, in constant dread of the cut of the overseer's whip. It was plain the dance would have to be set going for them. Meanwhile Hannan shouts from the gallery: "I say, haven't you blacks ever had a dance before?" Chorus: "No, masra." "Wasn't the sainted old party good to you?" Fortissimo chorus: "No, masra." "Did he often have you lashed?" Chorus, *con fuoco*: "Yes, masra." O'Hara steps forward: "Here you niggers, wouldn't it do you good to have a dance over the old fellow's grave — just to have it out? Isn't he buried here somewhere?" Sensation; and Wagnerian chorus, *ad libitum*, and incapable of interpretation. Here was a thunderbolt fallen in the midst of us slave-owners. One white man — slave owner, too, jointly, to the tune of some five hundred souls, proposing a negro dance over the grave of another white man; not to mention relationship and obligation. There was a stampede to the quiet green spot beyond the quarters, where, within the tall, thick lime-hedge, lay the bones of the former master of the place. In the rush none of the excited Irishmen took note of who went or who stayed; and several of us quietly left our apologies with a frightened-looking elderly negress, who was serving at the buffet. But for the intercession of good-natured acquaintances our Hibernian friends would have had a *mauvais quart d'heure* with the government. As it was, O'Hara and Hannan got forty-eight hours in which to quit the colony forever. Grady, against whom there was not the charge of active incitement (simply because he hadn't a chance) on payment of a fine was allowed to remain to conclude the legal formalities; a concession which — on his speedy marriage with a Dutch lady — was extended to permission to take up residence.

Being on an early occasion after that up in town I got a friendly hint from officialdom that perhaps, for a time, it might be better to discontinue small negro festivities. Some of my Dutch neighbors had preferred growling to speaking frankly to me. For a year or two thereafter I worked very hard, carried out various improvements and extensions, and introduced

some newer machinery, so that entertaining was less in my head. At home in England many years after, a lady, also on furlough, told me she had not forgotten the shock she had received once at my table in the earlier days, when in reply to my question, "How many wives have you, George?"—the grave reply came prompt from behind my chair, "Seven, sah." George had, of course, been always quite above the gang dances. But when, in later years, I used to come to town periodically, he set me up in quite an establishment, bringing along some dozen male and female servants under his command; and they did have high times. After a liberal appropriation of my garments—including my freshest tie and pair of gloves—and equipped with my calling cards and best cigarette-case, George was really far more irresistible than I could ever dream of becoming. With all the heroism of mute resignation, I used to watch him set off to a colored party, escorting the ladies of our family—for in town the whole household owned my patronymic. I once broached the subject of matrimony to George, but he assured me that his good breeding would not permit of anything in such bad form as his taking precedence of me in entering the holy estate. So I could only be silent—and sorry for a pretty little mulatto girl up street.

A few years before emancipation was really declared, when, as yet, the States-General at the Hague held it over our heads like the sword of Damocles, inasmuch as they did not seem to assure us of anything like adequate compensation, the faint tones of the not far-distant jubilee were wafted on the breeze into the quarters of every plantation in Surinam. We had very little trouble indeed. A weaker head got frenzied in anticipation now and then. But after the great day had come and gone, the majority of our people stayed with us as trusted servants. Very occasionally, while emancipation was yet ahead, evil communications from the negroes of other plantations would corrupt the good manners of one or two of the gang. Once, on my way from the canal jetty to the house, after a few days' absence, I encountered a much bedizened big toad, a very loudly got-up creature, indeed, gay in old ribbon and many-hued calico rags. From very early times this has been a danger signal amongst the negroes, generally a warning that your life was to be attempted. As I had returned some days before I was expected, I could not be sure whether the thing had been

laid in my path or in that of Fles. However, Fles would not be so likely to be coming from the jetty. I passed by the object and went straight to the manager's rooms. He and I were the only white men on the place. He told me he had recently, without thinking, committed an indiscretion rare for him. About the grounds near the quarters he had one day come upon a tub turned up; it was an untidy object, and he told the mulatto overseer who was with him to have it removed. Next day he found it had not been touched, and he commanded one of the negroes, under threat of the lash, to take it away. The boy, trembling, turned the thing over, and thence began slowly to uncoil itself a huge aboma, which, luckily for Fles and the boy, was half asleep, and glided away listlessly into the guava-grove. The serpent was, of course, a fetish, and the gang were no doubt furious against Fles. I, too, recollected that I had been wanting in consideration for the religious opinions of my people. One sultry evening, a week or two before the occurrence of the toad episode, I was riding up coast and had one of the boys with me, with bow and arrow, to bring down some birds whose wings I wanted. We passed a magnificent cocoanut palm, and I told the boy, who was an unrivalled marksman, to shoot me down some of the refreshing fruit. He entreated me not to ask him, became very nervous and excited, and finally said he should "get masra some much finer ones further on." Insubordination had for some time been very general on plantations throughout the colony. I had determined to put down with an iron hand the first signs of it on our place. I compelled the boy to get me down the fruit. Only when he had shot down as much as we could take along did the idea of a fetish dawn upon me; and as nothing then followed I had thought no more of the matter. Fles and I were both very vigilant during the following days, but nothing unpleasant occurred. The Indians, too, were about us much during that spring. They were staunch friends of the government, and I think Fles must have given a hint to old Pedro, the leader of the tribe, for groups of them seemed to be constantly squatting on the verge of the bush, or paddling up our canals with canoes full of basket-work, and their often not inartistic pottery, for me to inspect. Old Pedro, terra-cotta as to skin, black and lank as to hair, and possessed of broad but intelligent features lit up by marvellous eyes, was a sleuth hound where a

runaway negro was concerned. When he could not bring the fugitive back alive, he did not fail to bring his scalp to the governor, for which he received a stipulated sum. To see these Indians, with their firmly knit but most agile figures, walk along the streets of Paramaribo, you would have imagined them the lords of the place. Not so much as by a glance, not even by the shadow of a consciousness of their existence, would an Indian acknowledge a negro. In the calm imperturbability of his leathing, to the red man the black man was as if he were not. These children of the forest, unconquered, untamed, are the friends of the white man, and can be deferential to the dominant race. But the slave the Indian spurns and contemns, holding him infinitely less than the worm wriggling in the clay out of which he moulds his water-bottles and melon-plates.

Perhaps it was because of small incidents of the sort mentioned that I remained so very apathetic after listening to a tale related to me by one of the watchmen. He had been on some errand a considerable way into the interior; and he came to me, hot and elated, immediately on his return, and with gleaming eyes told me that he had seen gold — real, glistening, yellow gold — “over dar by ria” (river). His geography was most elementary, but, from what I could gather, his “find” lay some little way within the bush, between a tributary of the Surinam River and the coast. I cannot very well, at this remote time, define or even exactly recall my feelings on receiving his information. Possibly I was much pre-occupied. At any rate I must have felt exceedingly little interest; may have been suspicious, or have utterly disbelieved the story; or supposed that the negro had seen, as is not infrequent in the interior, some gold-dust in the river-bed. I may have had doubts whether it was not a decoy. Certainly I might have organized an equipped expedition; but I troubled no more about the matter. It is at least a coincidence that the Surinam gold-field — of which people connected with the colony have heard so much talk and seen so little result — lies in the exact neighborhood my negro described to me as the scene of his discovery. It might be worth the while of either the colonial government or an influential company to turn its attention to those mines. Until now, through a bad working system and lack of capital, they have not had a fair chance. Possibly something more gratifying might result than the tiny nuggets, which do certainly

make pretty lace-pins for the wives and daughters of subscribers, but do as certainly not induce a rush of shareholders.

Echoes of the sea-depths of that familiar South American coast are borne in upon me as I write. The accents of ocean's eternal tongue play through the banana-forests, and, traversing the zones, resound dimly in my ears; and with them come memories of the dull avalanche-roar of a tropical thunderstorm, and of the quivering gleam of a West Indian moon amid the tamarinds. I go down to the beach by my northern home. Instead of the weedy surf drifting slowly over the oozy cotton-fields, I see the great green and white waves fling themselves high and higher upon the mighty quartz rocks; but it is everywhere the same cadence, beneath the English cliffs or upon tropical flats. It is the same refrain that Sophocles heard on the *Ægean*, that sad Hero heard by the Hellespont, that Byron heard everywhere nigh or on ocean, the same that age after age hears as the waves of human life flow and ebb “down the vast edges drear and naked shingles of the world.” Ever and always they “bring the eternal note of sadness in.” The last time I saw Santa Sarita it had become a wilderness whereon the foot of man never trod. The estate had been abandoned some years previously, the hands being wanted for a more money-bringing cocoa plantation; a new acquisition, and an undertaking not so subject to the serious delays caused by excessive rains or overflow of bottom-lands, and not involving the frequent necessary replanting. And so nature had been left sole ruler of the old place. At the touch of her sceptre had sprung up all the pomp and splendor of the tropics. From out of the brine that gloated over all, the golden and crimson, and bronzen and empurpled orchids broke forth in wanton luxuriousness. Great gold-dusted sunflowers, water-lilies that shone afar in their pearly radiance; the white gleaming of the lotus and the glistening eau-de-nil of the trembling pitcher-plant; the great scarlet cacti and the star-like blossoms of the myrtle; the sweet, delicate purple or conch-shell pink of the passion-flower; the sheeny green of the huge dracænas and castor-plants and deeper-hued masses of ferny undergrowth — all mingled and repeated themselves in brilliant carnival, while over everything lingered the fragrance of the young limes. Gorgeous butterflies coquetted in their prettiness with those regal floral beauties swaying in the salt surf. A million birds wheeled and flittered and plunged, scream-

ing their shrill, vext cries as they hovered and grouped and darted again across the dream landscape that quivered through the shimmer of the hot, vaporous haze. To me it was as the border tract that lay without the hedge which guarded the enchanted land of Sleeping Beauty. Only, I no more, but the tossing, trembling sea waves from beyond, were to penetrate this mystic garden of sleep.

It felt chill. The awakening night wind began to moan softly. I turned my face towards the quickly setting sun, and retraced my steps riverwards to where my boat was slowly rocking in the shallow, with muffled gurgle and rippling monotone.

LOUIS PHILIP.

From The National Review.
ENGLISH AND GERMAN MUSIC.

GERMAN music has so long enjoyed the monopoly of ascendancy in public estimation and English music the reproach of utter inferiority, that the maintenance of an opposite view may excite incredulity, and in its first stages will doubtless be covered with a flood of ridicule. Yet a common glance at the two conflicting musics (if people would but take this homely way of looking at things) will show that any arrogation of superiority in the abstract is about as unfair as if one were to say that history must be inferior to poetry because it is not written in verse, or that architecture was confessedly a lower art than sculpture, because its subject-matter is not the delineation of the human body. The two things are indeed entirely distinct. German music is founded on the symphony; English music on the oratorio or cantata. German music reposes on the orchestra, English music on the choral society. German music is instrumental, English music is vocal, or rather it is vocal and instrumental combined. Who will say that the German theory of music is preferable to the English, because it works with the symphony, the orchestra, and instrumental sound? On the contrary, the opposite view might with far greater justice be maintained, that, if it comes to a question of abstract decision, English music has the conspicuous pre-eminence, because the two spheres of the art are therein united, and with greater resources greater results must likewise ensue.

In order to view the diametrical contrast of English music and German in as strong a light as possible, let us consider for a moment, if we may use the term, the

"feeders" of the two musics, and we shall be aware of a radical difference which could not but result in such diversity as we have mentioned. Most of our English composers begin by being the organists to churches. From thence they rise to be conductors of choral societies; and ultimately, if fortune favors them, they become professors at colleges. Their talents, nursed in such an atmosphere as this, naturally seek expression in musical forms congenial thereto. Their typical compositions are anthems, services, cantatas, oratorios, forms of music to which habit has inured them, which are practically useful to them in their duties, and which they are easily able to get performed with the certainty of an appreciative audience. Such are the genuine English professional musicians. We speak not of the foreign interlopers who come pushing among us, and, by benefit of a German name and an imperfect knowledge of our language (two great recommendations in the eyes of the honest public), contrive to palm themselves off as superior people, and perpetuate here the customs of music and composition which they have learnt abroad, to the great detriment of our national development.

Meanwhile, what are the English amateurs? The central point and gathering ground of English amateurs is the choral society. Almost every amateur musician belongs or has belonged to one in his or her time. Every town in England, almost every hamlet, possesses its choral society. The choral society is the focus of all the musical life of the place. What the choral society will perform, how it is progressing, how best it can be supported, form the leading topics of conversation among the lovers of music in the locality. It is presided over by the principal organist in the district, and its performances consist of Handel's "Messiah," oratorios by our leading English composers, anthems, cantatas by the same, and, last not least, works by the excellent musician who sustains the duties of conductor. We have said that these choral societies overspread England; we might say with greater emphasis that they honeycomb the country. There are choral societies for all grades of society; there are choral societies for all proportions of population. Ladies in Belgravia have their choral society; factory hands in Manchester have theirs. Rough colliers meet together at Newcastle and sing the "Messiah," in a manner which would put to shame any German rendering of that oratorio. The Yorkshire basses are the finest in Europe; and throughout the length and breadth of

Yorkshire choral societies are as thick as factories. Are all these noble enthusiasts to be set down as inferior creatures, because the music they elect to perform is not that of the symphony, the trio, the suite, the rhapsody, delivered on a phalanx of strings with little meaning but much show. Are all our great composers to be depreciated and disparaged, and pronounced second-rate, in comparison with Herr Schmitz, Herr Müller, Herr Breitmänn, and others of that crew, because they write oratorios and not symphonies, cantatas and not *Phantasiestücke*, anthems and not *Abendlieds*, services, chants, and not *Liederkreises*, *Liedertafels*, and what not? Yet such is the tendency of the honest public at the present moment. They say, "Your English cantata by an English musician and performed by an English choir is all very well, and we will come to hear it if you send us tickets for nothing. But when we want to listen to really fine music, give us Herr Schmitz's symphony or Herr Breitmänn's new quartet. We will pay ten shillings readily for stalls, provided the seats are soft, and we can go to sleep without attracting attention." "An English composer," say the public, "is very meritorious no doubt in his way, but to get our money's worth give us a good German Jew, Herr Mosses, or Herr Aron, or Herr Ezekiel. It is something to say we have heard such music as his, although we confess we would as lief hear the street organs play, for all the interest we take in it."

Meanwhile, while English music has had this genesis and this development, what sort of source or origin has been that of its German rival, which has encroached so terribly upon it of late years, to the great prejudice of national art? English music springs primarily from the Church; hence its semi-vocal, semi-instrumental character, hence the large proportion of the sacred element among the compositions which make it up, hence the dignity, the gravity, the sound musicianship of our native composers, whose training-school has ever been the Church, and its offshoot the choral society. The Germans, who are nearly all atheists, can certainly not appeal to the Church for the origin of their music. Unlike ours, the German music is bred and born in the beer-garden; hence its purely instrumental character. In its simplest and commonest form it is not intended to accompany sacred rites or to provide the edification of orderly and cultivated listeners, but to drown the chatter of drinkers and to stimulate brains clouded with beer and tobacco. From the beer-

garden it passes to the concert-saal, without losing in the slightest anything of its original character. It is bound to be instrumental and indefinite, because people are talking all the time, drinking, eating, and amusing themselves; and any studied expression of definite feeling, such as vocal music gives utterance to, would be entirely out of place.

Taking its ground-form from such surroundings, the German music rises to symphonies, rhapsodies, and other instrumental pieces, all more or less indefinite and meaningless, and ultimately passes over from the atmosphere of the beer-garden to amaze and electrify England. Here it meets with very different associations. People do not talk, drink, and smoke at our concerts, and consequently it falls very flat; but, being something strange and prodigious, never fails to command attention, which a higher and truer form of the art is unable to obtain.

Let us now pass from denunciation, and regard the question thus: What is the reason why German music is so highly esteemed in this country, while English music is so much disparaged and ignored? First and foremost, German music has had a great past. The names of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Bach, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Weber can never be forgotten while the art of music lasts. But all this belongs to a vanished greatness, and is now no more. The Germans, however, have been trading on their prestige ever since. The symphony, which in the hands of Beethoven, Haydn, and the other great masters was a clear, beautiful, and symmetrical expression of musical form, has passed, under Schmitz, Breitmänn, Müller, and Stosch, into a vague, indefinite chaos of sound, which has neither beginning, end, nor middle, which seems entirely objectless and aimless in every part, and has the solitary virtue to recommend it that it was written by a countryman of Beethoven. Yet because of the rooted idea in the public mind that since a thing is German it must necessarily be good, such wanderings of thought as these are accepted as high art, while the good work of our own composers is relegated to a second place. Because Germany's excellence in the past was in the domain of instrumental music, therefore instrumental music, such as symphonies, trios, quartets, suites, concertos, rhapsodies, in which the Germans principally expand themselves, are ranked on a higher level of merit than an honest anthem, a sound cantata, a well-constructed oratorio, in which, instead of a number of Germans

of Jewish extraction fiddling and piping with their music-stands in front of them, the executants are English men and women singing English words, conducted by an Englishman, and appealing at every phrase to our best appreciation, with music which, if we only confessed the truth, goes home to us powerfully. This is a second reason for the supremacy of German music in our country—the tacit assumption that the instrumental compositions which the Germans write are a higher form of art than the vocal works which the English write. The third reason is of a more practical and unfortunately of a more telling nature than either of the preceding. For years and years past the Germans have been crowding into this country to enlighten us on the subject of music, in which, owing to their great composers of last century and the earlier half of this, they have the repute of greater knowledge than we, who are only just attaining our meridian. Their title to all superiority was extinct thirty years ago, on the death of Shumann, since which time, except the great Wagner bubble, now burst and vanished from human ken, their warmest partisan would be hard put to specify what they have done, not merely in the shape of meritorious work, but as in the case of that bubble, of notorious failure. Yet still they crowd and crowd into the country, and by benefit of a baseless prestige are accepted as authorities. As music-masters, as concert performers, as singers, and most of all as conductors, they overflow the land. Even as writers on musical subjects they affect to shine, when their insufficient knowledge of our language scarce enables them to construct an English sentence correctly. But it is in these two last spheres of their activity that their pernicious influence comes out most strongly, and the dominion of German music over us is mainly strengthened. As conductors they have the control of nearly all the engagements in the musical world, and of the music to be performed at the various concerts attended by the public. Is it to be wondered at that their preferences lie mainly on the side of their own countrymen? That English artistes are overlooked wherever possible? That English talent is persistently depreciated? And that for compositions they naturally turn their eyes to the writings of their German kinsmen, in which their interest chiefly lies, and their early education and surroundings have taught them to see beauties invisible to us?

With such auxiliaries as these, the most powerful in the musical world, can we

wonder that German music is exalted most unduly, and is kept unremittingly before the public? But the writers in the musical press will be thought by many to be still more important auxiliaries than these so powerful ones already mentioned, since, while a concert is only listened to by a few hundreds, the account of the concert reaches the eyes of many thousands—of millions. The critics on the London press are mostly German Jews. It is true that they cannot write very good English, and are a constant source of trouble to the editorial staff in consequence. Their “copy” reaches the eye of the public after having undergone a merciless alteration in grammar and style at the hands of the “improvers.” The words came out very much changed; but the opinions remain the same, and those opinions are invariably the praise of German music, of German artistes, of German composers, and of German conductors. Genuine English concerts they do not notice. They do not attend them; they ignore them as worthless to report on. It is a well-known fact that on a certain London newspaper no English musician, with the exception of one or two of our very greatest composers, is ever mentioned in the musical columns at all. This is done as a matter of principle. Interest cannot move the German Jew who is responsible for this part of the paper; solicitation cannot bend him. He is stubborn to his creed, which is: “I believe in one music, and that is German, and, where possible, Jewish.” Concert after concert of our ablest composers is thus passed over, and, as we have said before, instead of reaching the thousands of eyes which a brief notice in the newspaper would secure, the knowledge of it is confined to the few hundreds who attend the concert-room. This is grossly unfair, but is a slight specimen of the almost universal unfairness under which we English groan from the multitudes of Germans who riddle and honeycomb the musical world. Such treatment does our friend accord to the ablest English composers; but if a concert is given by Herr Schmitz, some scouring of Thuringia or spawn of Swabian peasantry, at once comes out a column in his favor, in which his quartet, his concert, his rhapsody is praised as the highest utterance of art, and invidious comparisons made between such miserable twanging and the recent oratorio or cantata of some talented Englishman. The critics play into the hands of the conductors. The conductors pay deference to the critics; and, between the two, we English suffer terribly.

These are the main reasons, I take it, why German music is so much to the front in our country, and why English music is so obscured and shelved. The great reputation of Germany as a musical centre has fastened these swarms of invaders on us, and we shall simply have to wait until their hold relaxes. Happily, that day is not so distant as even the sanguine may imagine. Since Schumann's death in 1856, Germany has actually done nothing in music worth mentioning at all. The bubble of Wagner and the rhapsodizing of Liszt are the sole exceptions to the death-like stillness which prevails in artistic circles there. A little tinkling now and then from Herr Breitmann, the head of the Conservatoire of Potzenhausen; a few Phantasiestucks from the pen of Herr Müller, the famed romantic composer whose renown is confined to the small circle of his native town of Hölle and the brains of a few London critics; a great quartet once a year from Herr Schmitterling whom nobody in Europe has ever heard of until one fine morning we awake to find a column in the newspapers describing Schmitterling as a second Beethoven; beyond these occasional phenomena of unimportant moment, music in Germany is practically dead. All the noise is being made in our country, where the public, not knowing what is going on behind the scenes, stand agape at the wonderful Germans among us. The secret, however, is bound sooner or later to leak out. People will awake one day to the unpleasant fact that they have been imposed upon in the matter of German music; that there is a sort of National League among these Teutons, worked in a spirit of self-interest solely (for their names are never found among the contributors to musical charities; they take money from us, they give us none); that while with patient purses and unsatisfied ears the public pay for concert after concert to hear German music, they might far more profitably, far more wisely, and far more naturally have bestowed their patronage on their own countrymen, whose excellent writings languish for want of proper support. J. F. ROWBOTHAM.

From The Spectator.
ANIMAL ÆSTHETICS.
SCENTS AND SOUNDS.

ONE of the oddest tales in the "Betiaries," or stories of Bible animals written by the monks, is the legend of the

panther. "The panther," so the homily runs, "is the most beautiful of all beasts. More than this, when it goes abroad it diffuses a marvellous sweet perfume. This odor is so sweet that all the other beasts and birds follow the panther wherever it goes. Wherefore the panther is a type of virtue." Perhaps the old monks who borrowed and embellished this story had heard of and misunderstood the strong love of sweet scents which the panther and its relations, the lions and leopards, often show. The old theory of animal liking for scents denied them any share in such pleasures unless they suggested the presence of their food or prey. But such a reason can hardly be alleged for a lion's liking for lavender water! The writer, wishing to test for himself the reported fondness of many animals for perfumes, paid a series of visits to the Zoological Gardens provided with bottles of scent and a packet of cotton wool, and there tried some harmless experiments which apparently gave great satisfaction to many of the inhabitants. Lavender water was the favorite scent, and most of the lions and leopards showed unqualified pleasure when the scent was poured on the wool and put into their cages. The first leopard to which it was offered, stood over the ball of cotton, shut its eyes, opened its mouth, and screwed up its nose, rather like the picture of the gentleman inhaling "Alkaram" in the advertisement. It then lay down and held it between its paws, rubbed its face over it, and finished by lying down upon it. Another leopard smelt it and sneezed; then caught the wool in its claws, played with it, then lay on its back and rubbed its head and neck over the scent. It then fetched another leopard which was asleep in the cage, and the two sniffed it for some time together; and the last-comer ended by taking the ball in its teeth, curling its lips well back, and inhaling the delightful perfume with half-shut eyes. The lion and lioness, when their turn came, tried to roll upon it at the same time. The lion then gave the lioness a cuff with his paw, which sent her off to the back of the cage, and having secured it for himself, laid his broad head on the morsel of scented cotton, and purred. These were all old inhabitants of the gardens, civilized. But at the end of the building was the lovely young Sokoto lion, with the spots of "cubhood" still showing like a pattern in damask on his skin. If he, too, liked the scent, it could hardly be an acquired taste. His reception of the new impression was different from that of the others. He lay

down inhaling the scent with a dreamy look in his eyes. Then he made faces and yawned, turned his back on the scent, and thought. He then inhaled the perfume again for some time, walked slowly off to his bed, and lay down to sleep.

The smaller cats were in many cases as pleased with the scent as the leopards, the ocelot in particular on one occasion, after inhaling the perfume, ate the small piece of paper on which it was poured. But the liking for lavender-water is by no means confined to the *felidae*. The Cape Ratels were delighted with the scent, and the racoon, when the bottle was presented to it corked, with great good sense pulled out the stopper; but this may have been due to curiosity, as it was at once thrown away. Other creatures, on the contrary, either cared nothing for the scent or found it disagreeable. An otter, in particular, gave a snort of disgust, dived into the water, and then ran to its mate, to whom it seemed to convey some of its impressions, for both otters carefully avoided the perfumed wool. No doubt there lies somewhere in our rivers, "under the glassy, cool, translucent wave," or on their flower-bordered banks, some odorous herb or water-weed which the otters also love. That the pleasure felt by so many animals in the odor of "sweet lavender" is due to pure and simple enjoyment of a perfume, made intensely more delightful to them than to ourselves by the wonderful development of their sense of smell, seems clear, not only from the fact that so many species share this amiable fondness for the scent, but also because their liking for perfumes is by no means limited to that of lavender. A flask of rose-water will make as many friends among the leopards and their kin as will the former scent, and they also enjoy the sweet odor of pinks and lilac-blossom. The heavy scent of lilies and narcissi fails to please, perhaps on account of their strong narcotic qualities. It is not unlikely that the scent of these plants with which the Furies were said to stupefy their victims, an odor which is often insupportable to men themselves, should be distasteful to their far more sensitive nostrils.

It could hardly be expected that in the matter of sweet sound, animals, any more than men, should think alike. The scent of the rose gives pleasure from the Himalayas to the Hebrides; but the music that soothes the Highlander is to the Japanese as the howling of cats. Still, as to some men certain sounds are always musical, so to some animals these same sounds give

pleasure. The taste finds perhaps its highest expression in those birds which actually learn to whistle the airs which they have heard from men, and its lowest in the snakes and reptiles which seem to be fascinated by the Indian pipe. The writer has heard more than one parrot whistle part of a tune, and then strike the octave of the last note; and the piping crow at the Zoological Gardens, and a Persian bulbul which was once an inmate of the same aviary, can whistle a tune perfectly. It is to be expected that birds which take such pleasure in each other's song should be most sensitive to sweet sounds new to them.

But the taste is not confined to birds. The old horses in the regimental riding-schools learn the meaning of the different bugle-calls; and though it is not possible to say whether they distinguish between different airs, it is well known that they trot or gallop better to some tunes than to others. This may be compared with a curious story told by Playford, in his "Introduction to Music." "When travelling some years since," he writes, "I met on the road near Royston a herd of about twenty bucks following a bagpipe and a violin; while the music played they went forward; when it ceased they all stood still; and in this manner they were brought out of Yorkshire to Hampton Court." Seals have long been known for their love of sweet sounds. Laing, in his account of a voyage to Spitzbergen, says that when a violin was played on board the vessel, a numerous audience of seals would often assemble and follow the vessel for miles. Sir Walter Scott mentions this taste in the lines, —

Rude Heiskars seals, through surges dark,
Would oft pursue the minstrel's bark;

and it is said that when the bell of the church on the island of Hoy rang, the seals within hearing swam to the shore and remained looking about them as long as it was tolled. In a less prosaic age, the story of the seals of Hoy might have become an established myth of a successful "deep-sea mission" to the mermaids of the North. It would be interesting to make some musical experiments at the Zoological Gardens; but the only occasion on which the writer attempted this, led to such strong suspicions of his insanity among the visitors, that in the face of a caution addressed by an elderly nurse to her charges, "Don't go near 'im; he ain't right in his 'ead," he had not the courage to continue his researches.